

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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DONN BYRNE.

BY CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

ADVERTISING is a business of which I do not know even the rudiments, and therefore I am quite prepared to be told that any opinion I may express about it is worthless. But to an intelligent man another man's point of view is never wholly uninteresting, and since I have been invited to write this article about Donn Byrne and his work, I choose to approach the subject crab-wise, glancing at the apparently side subject of advertising literature.

Several publishers have told me that it is an unusual experience to find a young author really satisfied with the amount of advertisement they give to his books. If these fail to find buyers the author cannot be persuaded that the fact is not due to their having been given insufficient publicity. It is useless for the publisher to produce the great tomes in which he pastes up the voucher copies of his advertisements and, measuring the cuttings with a two-foot rule, assure the young author that at so much an inch he has already spent an alarming number of pounds in proclaiming to the world that the novel exists and can be had at all libraries and booksellers. Human nature being what it is, the author cannot believe that the reason for its failure lies in the book itself and the publisher, wisely declining to throw good money after bad, writes off his loss and hopes for better luck next time.

Does advertising sell books? Does "reviewing" sell books? When Plancus was consul publishers would tell you that a long and favourable review in the old *Athenæum* meant the sale of five hundred copies of any work. Is there any periodical in existence now—daily, weekly or monthly—with influence so great as that? I very much doubt it and, to come to the point, my opinion is that books of real literary merit win their way to the public, sooner or later, by sheer virtue of that merit which is in them.

In Donn Byrne I think I have a recent case to support this view. "Messer Marco Polo" was first published in England by Donn Byrne's English publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., as long ago as the spring of 1922.

I don't know what his publishers spent in advertising that book or whether Donn Byrne agreed that they spent enough. Nor do I know how widely or how favourably it was reviewed. Whatever was spent upon

it and said about it, the book certainly was not a best seller, and numbers of lovers of literature, myself among them, did not become aware of its existence. But it had life in it. It continued to "move" slowly. It was followed by "The Wind Bloweth," by "The Foolish Matrons," by "Blind Raftery," by "An Untitled Story," by "Hangman's House," and each of these books as it was published and made its own impression gave something of its vitality to all that had gone before, and it is an interesting fact that the sales of "Messer Marco Polo" in the last twelve months have exceeded its sales in all the previous years put together.

That fact suggests several interesting subjects for meditation. One is an article of my creed: the immortality of the good in literature. I do not believe that a single good history, essay, sermon, poem, novel

or play has ever failed, or ever will fail, to reach its proper public and have its full effect. When once a book has been added to the treasury of literature it is safe; its time will come; it will be read by the man most fitted to apprehend its significance, and he will do his part in the publication of the good news.

And from that arises the second matter for thought, justifying perhaps my crab-wise approach to my real subject: that for books which properly belong to the treasury of literature the right and ultimately the most effective mode of advertisement is this telling the good tidings of their existence by one man whom they have made glad to another of like temperament and tastes. This is certainly true of the essay, and with respect to fiction an inference would seem to be that it is the novel which has an intimate, personal appeal that is most practically advantaged by what may be called the conversational method of advertising. Happy is the man who can write books that thus are read with



Mr. Donn Byrne.

Camera portrait by E. Brooks Hughes.

a sense of pleasure and refreshment by quiet people in quiet rooms, talked about afterwards by the fire-side to a single congenial companion, and so passed on from hand to hand round an ever widening circle of friends until at last they are established in the not large category of enduring books that will always be read by somebody.

"Messer Marco Polo" most surely is one such book; "Blind Raftery" almost certainly is another. And if so, Donn Byrne has done twice within the space of five years what few authors do once in a lifetime.

What is there in this romance of the Venetian adventurer and this legend of the Gaelic itinerant poet so to distinguish them from all the other romances and legends that are turned out in such quantities to-day? Many of these are charming and tender, and as mere personal expression rank high; yet most of them make no abiding impression upon the mind. Far otherwise is it with these two books by Donn Byrne. These are unforgettable. They have the deep and serious significance of great poetry, and, individual as they are, like *Thyrsis* are invested with so much human passion common to all mankind that they can be dissociated from the personality of the author and have a general application. There is not one of us who has not felt as Messer Marco Polo felt that it would be worth walking the world barefoot to see a little face and hear a low sweet voice seen and heard in our dreams in youth. *Golden Bells* or *Mélysande*, *la princesse lointaine* was waiting somewhere for each of us when we were twenty-one. But when it comes to telling of our quest, to telling of the wonder of our joy when passionate love bathed our world in mystic light, to telling the end of the story—happy or tragic as destiny would have it—then we are dumb. To Donn Byrne articulate speech has been given, and in "Messer Marco Polo" he has used his rare gift so supremely well that we temporarily forget our grief at our own lack of utterance in our joy at his perfect verbal interpretation of our emotions and our visions and our dreams.

By virtue, then, of this enchanting romance and by virtue, also, of the beautiful legend of "Blind Raftery and his wife Hilaria," Donn Byrne has established his right to the title of prose poet. But there are his other books. How does he rank as a novelist on the strength of "An Untitled Story," "The Foolish Matrons" and "Hangman's House," and, since he is still on the hither side of forty, what likelihood is there of his establishing his right to be acclaimed a great novelist? Well, prophecy is not one of my gifts, but I am not so humble minded as to think my anticipations are less intelligent than anybody else's, and in hazarding an answer to the second question I can give an answer to the first. Nevertheless I rely upon the authority of a greater man than myself.

According, then, to Arnold Bennett, whose considered judgments on literary matters are perhaps more valuable contributions to English literature than even the best of his own novels, the three indispensable attributes in the equipment of the novelist are sense of beauty, intensity of vision and fineness of mind. Of these three the most important, he insists, is the last, practically sufficing by itself and, absent, rendering futile all the rest. "A great novelist must have great

qualities of mind. His mind must be sympathetic, quickly responsive, courageous, honest, humorous, tender, just, merciful. He must be able to conceive the ideal without losing sight of the fact that it is a human world we live in. Above all, his mind must be permeated and controlled by common sense. His mind, in a word, must have the quality of being noble. That which counts, on every page and all the time, is the very texture of his mind—the glass through which he sees things. Every other attribute is secondary and dispensable." And then, after a brief digression devoted to consideration of the technique of some of the recognised masters of fiction, he returns to his point that the novelist's one important attribute (beyond the two already postulated) is fundamental quality of mind, that and nothing else making both the friends and the enemies which he has, while the influence of technique is slight and transitory.

That Donn Byrne is exceptionally well equipped with all three of these attributes seems to me undeniable. His sense of beauty and intensity of vision are manifest in every page of all his novels, not excepting "The Foolish Matrons," which is so far inferior to the other books as to suggest pot-boiling as the primary cause of its having been written. But it is the fundamental fineness of the mind behind the work that one remembers after one has laid the books aside: its sympathy, its courage, its honesty, its humour, its tenderness and above all its common sense: there is not one quality specified by Arnold Bennett in the list I have quoted that I should not have mentioned as distinguishing Donn Byrne's fiction and, on Arnold Bennett's authority, as explaining the friendship it engenders in its readers. For that is its immediate effect. Read one of his books, again not excepting "The Foolish Matrons," and forthwith you will be filled with desire to make the next friend you meet read it too. Impact of mind upon mind has generated energy which seeks vent in self-expression, and what you really want to do is talk about yourself à propos of Donn Byrne.

You recognise of course the allusion to M. Anatole France's description of criticism as "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces." The allusion is not prefatory to an assertion that—"Messer Marco Polo" apart—Donn Byrne has produced a masterpiece of fiction. "The Foolish Matrons" is even commonplace, though there is deftness in the contrasts of virtue and vice, beauty and ugliness, and acuteness in the studies of feminine psychology. "The Wind Bloweth" is a prose epic telling in seven books of an imaginative Irish sailorman's quest after love and happiness—an individual, wholly original thing, charged with beauty and wrought to the highest point of perfection, but strictly speaking not a novel at all. "An Untitled Story" is an intensely moving story of the failure of a great gentleman's love to hold his wife against the powerful influence of the Church bent on reclaiming her to the religious life to which she had formerly dedicated herself—another finely wrought, original and individual piece of imaginative fiction charged with beauty, but not to be described as a great novel. Nor can that most laudatory term be applied justly to "Hangman's House," fine story though it is. In all these books the born story-teller is evident, and a

story-teller endowed with a plenitude of gifts bestowed upon no other living writer. Idealist and realist in one, poet and romanticist, blessed with both sight and vision, Donn Byrne has made human love in all its aspects and relations, and all its counterfeits, his own peculiar theme: he has the dramatic instinct highly developed, and a style, marred sometimes as yet by

over-decoration, but essentially good and beautiful, based as it is on the English prose of the Authorised Version of the Bible. That a writer thus gifted, who has already produced such exquisite fiction, will some day add a really great novel to English literature would seem as certain as that, unless prevented by death, the boy will grow into the man.

ASENATH NICHOLSON AND THE HOWITT CIRCLE.

BY ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

HOW wide a door a little key may unlock! Oblivion's poppies seemed to cover the name and fame of Mrs. Asenath Nicholson, whose "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger" so fascinated me that, having first used Mr. St. John Adcock's judgment as a touchstone, I introduced and edited it for a new public under the title of "The Bible in Ireland." The friendly notice given to it everywhere as a genuine and historically valuable "find" surprised and delighted me, but to one critic I owe an especial debt. The review in *The Times Literary Supplement* brought a letter from Cornwall telling me that the remarkable American woman whose eighty-year-old book I had resuscitated is still a living memory among the living. This letter was signed "Margaret Howitt" and ended, "My Parents you may have heard of—William and Mary Howitt."

I had a vision at once of a small boy browsing in a Victorian library and coming upon a green-covered book entitled "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets." "William and Mary," as their friends called them in jesting and affectionate allusion to a partnership not in literature but government, fill, in collaboration and separately, many pages of the British Museum catalogue. Under their names you find novels, children's stories, works on witchcraft, religion and spiritualism, poems, histories, translations and studies of rural life in bygone England. Mary Howitt (whose mother, by the way, met Dr. Johnson) was great-granddaughter of William Wood, of "Wood's Halfpence," lampooned by Swift in the *Drapier Letters*. William Howitt was descended from the mercer whose daughter, falling from a window on London Bridge into the Thames, sixty feet below, was rescued by Edward Osborne, a young apprentice whose name is now borne by Dukes

of Leeds. Mary Howitt introduced Hans Andersen to the English public, and her husband included Mrs.

Gaskell's first prose work—a legend of Clopton Hall, in Warwickshire—in his "Visits to Remarkable Places." William Howitt deserves a wider reading to-day for the vivid little pen-pictures he gives us of men and women whose fame is greater than his own. He saw Thackeray as a tall, thin young man, in a long, dark blue cloak, with his nose flattened by the blow received in boyhood. While driving in his pony-chaise he passed Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth walking on the Brighton road, and the chaise and the fat, wilful pony, Peg, noted by an eye always observant of the picturesque and humorous, duly appeared in "Master Humphrey's

Clock" as Mr. Garland's property. Howitt picked the pockets of flying Time for recollections of the great figures of his age. He has preserved for us curious memories of Shelley at Marlowe, and Byron at Newstead and in the haunted Palazzo at Pisa, where one of the servants was a notorious assassin, and where two monkeys, five cats and eight dogs shared the apartments of their eccentric master. He tells us how Landor saw Napoleon, after his fall, ride disguised into Tours with one attendant, through a hostile populace who did not recognise him; Landor did not betray him to his enemies. At the national school at Shottery Howitt gave sixpence to "Bill Shakspeare," the son of a small shopkeeper who was the direct descendant of Shakspeare's sister, Joan Hart. The boy had not only the Shakspeare cast of countenance, but even the light hazel eyes shown in the original but vanished colouring of the bust at Stratford-on-Avon.

The family of the Howitts inherited their parents' gifts. My friendly correspondent, Miss Margaret



Mrs. Asenath Nicholson.

From a drawing by Anna Maria Howitt.

Howitt, wrote the Life of her mother; a vivid account of twelve months spent in Sweden with Fredrika Bremer, widely known in her day as a reformer, educationalist and advocate of women's rights; and a Life of St. Anastasia (who visited Christian prisoners in the dungeons of ancient Rome), based on the Italian of Father Bonucci. Some of Fredrika Bremer's charming stories in the vein of Hans Andersen have also been introduced to the English public by Miss Howitt; "The Rose of Jericho" and "The Butterfly's Gospel" are perhaps the best known. Her brother Charlton was drowned in a lake among the New Zealand Alps while opening up that colony; and another brother, Alfred, was in charge of the expedition which went in search of Burke and Wills, who perished of starvation while crossing the Australian continent in 1861. He found their bodies and afterwards brought them to Melbourne for burial. Miss Howitt's elder and very gifted sister, Anna Maria, married Alaric Alfred Watts, the biographer of his more celebrated father, Alaric Alexander Watts, the poet. She studied art in Munich under Kaulbach, and, in addition to a vivid account of art life in old Germany, wrote a biography of her father and a number of very lively and entertaining stories for the young, some of which were published by Messrs. Cassell in a series to which William and Mary Howitt, Mrs. de Morgan, W. H. G. Kingston, Nathaniel Hawthorne and other notable writers of their day contributed.

Miss Anna Maria Howitt drew the portrait of Mrs. Nicholson accompanying this article during a visit paid by that extraordinary woman in the early fifties to William and Mary Howitt. They lived then in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, and had for near neighbours, in Park Village, the once well-known members of the Society of Friends, William and Elizabeth Bennett, with whom Mrs. Nicholson was then living. The Howitts were also Friends, though later they took a deep interest in Spiritualism, and after her husband's death Mary Howitt entered the Church of Rome, to which Miss Margaret Howitt belongs. The drawing—which I am told is an excellent likeness—shows Mrs. Nicholson seated in the open air, with her parasol and basket by her side, writing the diary of her extraordinary tour through Ireland—chiefly on foot and often almost penniless—just before the great famine. The original is in the possession of Miss Mary Elizabeth Bennett, only surviving child of William and Elizabeth Bennett, by whose kindness it is reproduced. She possesses also a bed coverlet made by Mrs. Nicholson, whom both she and Miss Howitt (her lifelong friend) remember well even after the lapse of nearly eighty years.

I had the pleasure of a long and most interesting chat with Miss Bennett recently at her home in Hammer-smith. She is in her ninety-second year, but her mind and memory are so clear that one finds some difficulty in realising how few can still survive of the great past she remembers so vividly. Miss Bennett's parents (her mother was born as long ago as 1798), wrote in collaboration a Life of St. Paul, and William Bennett a book entitled "Six Weeks in Ireland." He met Mrs. Nicholson there in the forties of last century, and invited her to visit him and his family in their London home. Some anecdotes told me by Miss Bennett supplement the character of Mrs. Nicholson so ably, though often

unconsciously, drawn in "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger." Once Mary Elizabeth Bennett was told by her mother that, if their visitor should seat herself, she herself must remain standing out of respect. Mrs. Nicholson noticed that the child stood in her presence, and motioned her to a seat. The little girl declined, but gave no reason, from a childlike reluctance to say that she had been forbidden to sit down. Questioning drew out the truth. "Always obey your mother," said Mrs. Nicholson, and repeated with great emphasis, "*always obey your mother.*" I hope I shall be forgiven for telling another story (about which Miss Bennett was a little diffident at first), since it is characteristic of that original and noble woman whom I have tried to lift out of an undeserved oblivion. Mrs. Nicholson went one day to see the Howitts and found Mary Howitt, who combined great gifts and a keen interest in the literary and intellectual life of her day with simplicity and homeliness, more concerned about domestic work than matters of conduct or mind. "You talk about stockings and such things," said Mrs. Nicholson with Victorian severity, "when I came expecting to hear something *improving.*" She was utterly outspoken and unconventional, and Miss Howitt tells me that she can remember her going quite unconcerned through Piccadilly in moccasins and "green polkay"; the last a fashion of the forties which I have endeavoured to describe in my introduction to "The Bible in Ireland."* Miss Howitt tells me that Mrs. Nicholson always called herself "Asen'ath" and not the more correct "As'e-nath" of the Old Testament. She seems to have been original in everything she did and said. It is only right that I should say here that Miss Howitt lodges a gentle protest against my choice of a new title in place of the original with its long subsidiary title, and does not agree with the suggested association with Borrow's "The Bible in Spain." After expressing appreciation of "your edition of Mrs. Nicholson's wonderfully pathetic book," she continues:

"I have read every line with intense interest and with an ever-increasing admiration for her high and pure motive in personally sharing the lot of the suffering and, at the time of her pilgrimage, sadly sunken Irish. Her experiences so frankly and simply put to paper cause her labours to be summed up in my mind as 'Asenath Nicholson, or Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger.' Forgive me, but I cannot accept 'The Bible in Ireland' by Asenath Nicholson . . . because, although she very honourably gave English and Irish copies of the Douai Testament to Catholics, and Protestant ones to Protestants, nevertheless the distribution of the Scriptures was only a secondary motive. And I do not care to have the account of her travels linked with 'The Bible in Spain.' A fascinating work assuredly, and that of a genius, yet it was solely Borrow's idealism of vagrancy, his innate love of plebeian adventure, that made him purposely gull the British and Foreign Bible Society, so that by hawking their version of Holy Writ in strictly Catholic Spain he might have startling risks and escapes for his ever-increasing public."

I have given my reasons for title and comparison in my Introduction, written before I had any idea that Mrs. Nicholson was still remembered. Of this Introduction Miss Bennett writes:

"I have read it with great interest, and am glad to find that Asenath Nicholson's love for and sympathy with animals is not lost sight of. She did comfort my child's feelings in this respect—I will tell you how. We—it may

* 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

be my parents, and that I was only an attentive listener—were speaking of the cat's habit of playing with her prey before killing it. Her comforting remark was that she believed the cat mesmerised the mouse and therefore it did not suffer. It comforted me, but I scarcely think can be correct. I am disposed to think rather that in her 'natural' (wild) surroundings, the cat does *not* do this; that it is the well-fed domestic pet who nevertheless retains her sporting propensity. *Some people say 'like the human huntsman.'* I rather say the latter is (so far) copying Puss!

My interest in Asenath Nicholson has brought an unexpected harvest, for Miss Bennett went on to tell me that she remembers meeting William Wordsworth. Her parents, while on a three-months' holiday in the Lakes, rented the cottage belonging to the poet at Grasmere, and she has a distinct recollection of him—a striking, handsome man is her description—standing one day with his back to the fire-place. She met Mrs. Wordsworth also, who struck her as a very old woman; and the poet's sister Dorothy. Dorothy Wordsworth called her into the garden and asked if she would like to hear her recite some of her poems, which she did in a sing-song voice. She seemed rather childish. That was in the forties of last century, and the famous Lake circle was fast breaking. Miss Bennett saw Hartley Coleridge—no longer the strange, starchy, Jewish-looking, wonderfully brilliant boy by whom Crabb Robinson was so much impressed many years before. Miss Bennett describes him, when she saw him, as a rather mad-looking man, who went about whirling his stick and reciting poetry. Once, when a little girl, Miss Bennett was sitting at her mother's feet at a Quakers' meeting when a very noble-looking woman, in the cap and sober garb of the Friends of that day, rose to speak; she had an exceptionally beautiful voice. "That is Elizabeth Fry," said her mother. In 1845 Mary Bennett was taken to Elizabeth Fry's funeral. After Dr. Arnold's death, his daughter showed her round his

garden, and pointed out the trees he had planted. Miss Bennett knew the first pupil of Pestalozzi, the great Swiss educationalist, the centenary of whose death occurs in February next year. He was born as long ago as 1746. This first pupil of Pestalozzi's was already a grandfather when Miss Bennett knew him, and his grandson, she tells me, still corresponds with her.

I was shown a book of autographs and photographs collected long ago by Miss Bennett's brother, once well known as a botanist. Napoleon the First's autograph begins the collection, which includes letters and portraits of the principal figures of the nineteenth century: Gladstone, John Bright, Beaconsfield, Robert Lowe, Dr. Arnold, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, Lord Shaftesbury, Elizabeth Fry, Huxley, Charles Kingsley, Faraday (whose lectures to children Miss Bennett attended) and many others. Of especial interest was a drawing of Rydal Mount, many years back, with Wordsworth's autograph. One of the most characteristic letters was from John Ruskin who, when asked for a photograph, replied that he was too busy to sit for one—"besides," he added, "I am ugly."

Miss Bennett tells me that William Howitt was a fine-looking man and Mary "a delightful woman, so human and so refined, and a devoted mother." Let me in conclusion quote Miss Margaret Howitt on my lost (but evidently not quite lost) lady of old years, Asenath Nicholson of New York. After referring to her as ever unconventional, she goes on to say, "yet therewithal she remains a most heroic figure in the long list of noble women." And I think this unexpected tribute after nearly eighty years from one who knew her, which a friendly notice of "The Bible in Ireland"—or rather "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," for I will not quarrel with Miss Howitt about the title—has brought forth, is a very interesting vindication of the reissue of a remarkable book.

THE VALUE OF CRITICISM.

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK, A. A. MILNE, JOHN HASSALL, GERALD GOULD, MARY BORDEN, NORMAN O'NEILL, O. DOUGLAS, AND CECIL ROBERTS.

STEPHEN LEACOCK:

I think that the public itself—or herself, or whatever it should be called—is greatly benefited by criticism. It stimulates interest and taste in literature, and makes people appreciate many things which would be hidden from them without it. A good critical article is as much a piece of creative literature as a poem itself.

But when I have said this I have said it all. As far as a writer is concerned, I don't think criticism is of the least value. All that the writer needs is industry, ink and incense. Even then his work may be valueless because perhaps he can't write. And if he

can't, all the critics in the world can't help him, nor any industry nor any praise.

But the best stimulus to any artistic powers that any of us possess is praise. Art lives on admiration and appreciation. Robinson Crusoe, I believe, didn't write a thing all the time he was on the island.

Personally, what I need when I try to write something humorous is a person at my elbow to say: "My God, that's funny!" And then even if it isn't, I'll write something that is.

All of which is submitted to the corroboration of any (other) truthful person.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

A. A. MILNE:

There is a story of Whistler at the Press view of his first exhibition. "Aren't you very nervous?" a friend asked him, as they waited for the critics to come. "Nervous?" said Whistler scornfully. "It is the critics who ought to be nervous. It is they who are on trial, not I." We cannot all feel as confident as this of our first book or our first play, but we do come

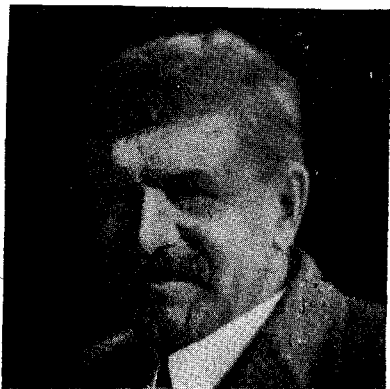


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Stephen Leacock.

gradually to look at criticism from this angle ; as something, that is, not touching ourselves, but revealing to us, in case we are interested, the personality of the critic. The critics themselves help us to this attitude, for it is fair to say that seventy per cent. of criticism is the airing of a personal grievance that Wells doesn't write like Galsworthy, or Shaw like Barrie ; and if for once Bennett is allowed to be Bennett, it will still be regretted that he insists on writing about the Five Towns when he might write about Cornwall ; and alternatively that somebody else writes about Cornwall when he might be writing about the Five Towns. In this way an author is encouraged to divide critics into those who like and those who don't like fantasy, realism, sentiment, irony, high-life, low-life, children, Cornwall, romance, humour, irresponsibility, frankness, fastidiousness or whatever it may be, and to discount adverse criticism of his work as coming from one or other of these prejudiced sources ; much as the author of "Whiskies I have known" would discount criticism from the pen of Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson. The only sort of criticism that could possibly be helpful to him would be from a critic who had already proved that he liked the author's personality, methods and outlook on life, and who now expressed regretfully the opinion that in such-and-such particulars the author had failed to be true to himself. Such criticism is rare ; and even when it comes it is not always easy for the author to profit by it. What he wants is praise. "Very naturally," you say, "and so do we all." I fancy however that an author really needs it. Let us admit, as a start towards praising him, that he is not an absolute fool. Then he will know, none better, how much more beautifully others have done what he is trying to do ; he will know, none better, how far the vision will exceed the reality. If for a moment, as he begins the new masterpiece, he has, thanks to your praise, that self-confidence which he lacks so terribly sometimes in private (however blatantly he wear it in public), then

there is a chance that he may do justice to his vision . . . and if, as is more likely, he doesn't, he will know all about it, long before the critics have begun to tell him so.

A. A. MILNE.

JOHN HASSALL:

I'm sorry to say that criticism of my work in water-colour cannot help me at all. Water-colour painting as now practised is quite a modern British development, so that those who go to the exhibitions, to express their opinions in the press for the guidance of the public, have no books of reference.

JOHN HASSALL.



Photo by Vaughan & Freeman.

Mr. John Hassall.

GERALD GOULD:

Speaking not as a critic but as an author criticised, I should put the value of contemporary criticism high. I would not go so far as to say that one derives tangible or visible benefit, save of course in exceptional cases, from a *particular* review of one's errors ; for I think an author usually knows his own weak spots before they are pointed out to him. But that is irrelevant, for the useful and stimulating thing is to feel sure that anything one publishes will receive a candid and generous scrutiny ; and honest praise is infinitely helpful. The level of reviewing in this country to-day seems to me high. Of course I don't suggest that it reaches perfection ; every author, like every member of every profession or calling, has the occasional experience of injustice, and feels that he has been foolishly or spitefully misinterpreted ; but I believe that, for most of us, that experience is so rare that amid the general generosity and intelligence of appreciation it hardly counts.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Gerald Gould.

GERALD GOULD.

MARY BORDEN:

In answer to your letter about criticism I could write a volume. Serious and intelligent criticism is vital to literature. I myself demand it, need it and am glad when I get it—but I don't get enough. I know good criticism when I see it, quite as well as a critic knows a good novel when he sees one. In fact I read my critics with a critical eye and a hungry mind, and am exceedingly grateful when I find in a review something of

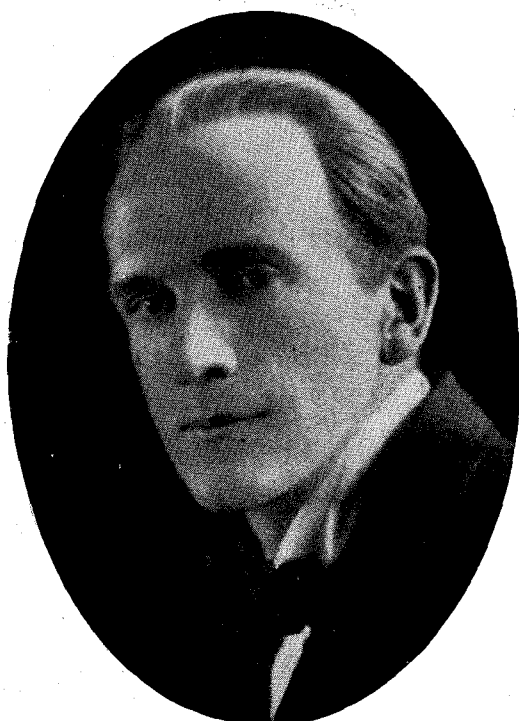


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. A. A. Milne.

value; but I have, alas! the experience, all too often, of finding that many reviewers, when reviewing my books, have not read them. They haven't had time. They have five or six novels to do in an evening, and



Photo by
Marcus Adams.

Mary Borden.

are paid something like seven and six for each. What can one expect? But again, wherein lies the value, and what is the point of this sort of thing? I feel that I can express myself frankly to you, because I have never suffered in this way in your pages, and am

always interested in what your critics have to say.

It does however seem to me a pity that there is not *more* good, careful criticism going. What is to become of us, if our friends tell us everything we do is wonderful, and those who dislike us say the same things are bad, and no impartial and competent judge with the love of art afire in his breast will take the trouble to tell us why and where we have failed?

My impression is, that critics are as a rule somewhat inclined to be bored—and this is fatal. Bored, I mean, with criticism, which is in itself an art, and worthy of the most passionate enthusiasm.

MARY BORDEN.

NORMAN O'NEILL:

The most valuable criticisms I have received of my work have been from my brother composers. With regard to the criticisms which I have received from the press, they have been so unfailingly kind and favourable that I feel it is not for me to express an opinion! But I may say that appreciation is meat and drink to most artists, and it is only gratitude that I feel towards the critics. The critic's job is a hard and difficult one, and on the whole they, the musical critics, I think do their work in a satisfactory way.

NORMAN O'NEILL.

O. DOUGLAS:

Personally I have no complaint against the reviewers—far otherwise.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

O. Douglas.

When, in 1913, I published my first book, "Olivia in India," I had no real hope that it would be either read or reviewed, and I shall never forget my delighted amazement when Mr. James Douglas in the *Star* gave that simple chronicle a column of un-

stinted praise. I could not feel that it was deserved,

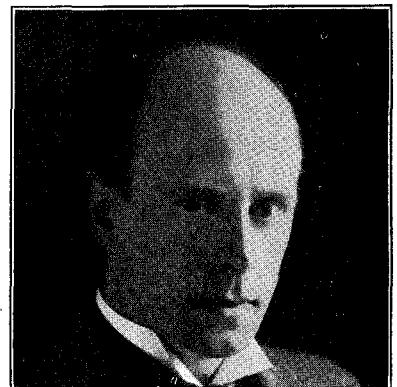
but I liked it none the less for that, and I fear that at that kind reviewer's door lies the responsibility for the books I have written since. I might not have persevered had it not been for his encouragement. I think one very quickly becomes impervious to the slings and arrows of captious critics, but one never loses the warm sense of gratitude that a thoroughly good and understanding review brings.

O. DOUGLAS.

CECIL ROBERTS:

I will be bold enough to say outright that no criticism is of any use if it does not convey praise. As a reviewer my own practice was to leave a book unreviewed if I could not say anything pleasant about it. If a book is really bad its death is inevitable, without assassination; if really good, time only shows the adverse reviewer to have been a blind fool. I should say, from the author's point of view, that the value of printed criticism (if the author preserves his self-faith, without which he can never hope to write well) is nil. The value of private criticism is tremendous. If I happen to write upon a legal, a medical, a sporting or technical point, then I am very careful to have that section read by the particular authority upon it.

In that way I have been saved from bad blunders. No writer should trust his own omniscience. I have also been fortunate in finding a few willing readers of great sensibility and taste, whose opinion I wholly rely on in correcting my own judgment; because none of them is a literary person or writer, tied up in a clique or fashionable "ism."



Mr. Cecil Roberts.

My experience on the whole is that critics are kind creatures. I can never forget the words of a very famous novelist—perhaps the world's greatest; recently dead—who upon this subject said: "Roberts, I never read reviews—I measure them." And he was a great and sincere artist who would refuse four thousand pounds for serial rights rather than provide "curtains." The fact is no criticism helps the author as artist except as private criticism. No. 9 will serve to consolidate his fame, No. 5 to cause his first edition to be collected. No. 8 to test his own honest doubts. No. 6 to give him an assured income and a welcome in any publisher's office. Finally let me say that no criticism should be so severe or so helpful as that supplied by the author's own conscientious labour. The only possible justification for writing any book is to please oneself and then nourish the hope it may please the public. This is my working creed. I may be all wrong. In any case I shall never feel aggrieved because the public may not like what I like. Authors have a right to their egotism, but not to convert it into a blunderbuss.

CECIL ROBERTS.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL COMPETITION.

FORTY-FIVE POUNDS FOR SHORT STORIES.

THE BOOKMAN offers for the three best short stories three prizes of £20, £15 and £10, on the following conditions:

- (1) All stories submitted must be original and unpublished.
- (2) No story may be more than 2,000 words in length.
- (3) MSS. should be typed.
- (4) No competitor may send more than two stories.
- (5) Competitors may use a pseudonym, but his or her real name must also be on the MS., and

will be printed in the event of a prize being awarded.

(6) The Competition is open to all writers of English in all parts of the world.

(7) MSS. should be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, and "Short Story Competition" written on the envelopes in which they are sent.

(8) The Editor's decision shall be final.

All MSS. must reach the office of THE BOOKMAN not later than February 15th next, and results will be announced and the Prize Stories and a selection of the others printed in next April Double Number of THE BOOKMAN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN will be published next month and will be a handsomely produced volume of nearly three hundred pages. Among the principal contents are articles on St. Francis of Assisi by Sheila Kaye-Smith, Monsignor William Barry, D.D., and Holbrook Jackson, with a frontispiece in colour by Margaret Tarrant, and several other beautiful reproductions of pictures illustrating scenes in the life of St. Francis. Other literary contents include articles on "Rabindranath Tagore," by Wilfrid Gibson; "The Magnificent Idler," by John Freeman; "William Blake," by George Sampson; "Theodore Dreiser," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Saki," by L. P. Hartley; "Cale Young Rice's Collected Plays and Poems," by Gilbert Thomas; "The Miniature Magazines of Charlotte Brontë," by Davidson Cook; "Child Poetry in English Literature," by R. L. Mégroz; "The History of Witchcraft," by Frederick Watson; "Soldiers and Statesmen," by Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton,

C.M.G.; "Edward Shanks's Poetry," by Dr. Edward Thompson; "A New Life of Christ," by C. Lewis Hind, etc., etc. In addition to many plates in colour and black-and-white from paintings and drawings by well-known artists, the Number will contain a portfolio of colour pictures by Donald Maxwell, from Rudyard Kipling's "Sussex and the Sea," and full-page portraits, for which special sittings have been given, of H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, John Buchan, Ernest H. Shepherd and Theodore Dreiser, by Frank E. Slater; Sir Philip Gibbs, Sylvia Thompson and Margaret Kennedy, by Kathleen Shackleton; E. V. Lucas and E. Temple Thurston, by H. M. G. Wilson, etc. Important features in this Number will be the four lavishly illustrated Supplements (with title pages drawn by Charles Robinson), dealing with the new books of the season. Readers are urged to place their orders for the Christmas BOOKMAN without delay in order to avoid disappointment.

RIDER HAGGARD.*

BY J. P. COLLINS.

IF every author could obtain from his publisher the care and sympathy that Mr. C. J. Longman has put into the preparation of this book, what a different world the world of literature would be! The case demanded delicacy of feeling, for it was impossible to know Sir Rider Haggard without realising that in him there resided a pair of extremes oddly united in one person. First of all, there was the grave and almost haughty reserve of the outward man, cloaked by a self-respecting reticence, and chary as a rule about expressing his views until the theme or the company or the sense of duty moved him. But the inner self was a very human creature with an imperceptible epidermis, and was sensitive to a fault, perhaps, but rich in emotions and generously responsive. Externally he had the austere bearing of an Arab sheikh, and the featury, the gait, the mannerisms somehow bore this

semblance out. Inwardly he was just as temperamentally warm and gay as that other squire of genius, the late Sir Mark Sykes, and both of them might be instanced, like Waterton, the naturalist, as examples of the way in which the son of a manor upholstered by centuries of comfort and social amenity, could travel across the world and show a strange talent for consorting with all manner of exotic races. It is true that there was Danish and Russian blood in Haggard, but this may have made him all the more British in his composition, and deepened that half-conscious "make-up" which is so often nature's protective coloration, you may say, for a reflective and gifted man.

It is this defensive quality of character which emerges so well in this autobiography, and all the more because of a frequent tendency to self-effacement. He pokes quiet fun at the eccentricities of his sire and kinsmen, at himself for a dunce or very little better when at school, and at the rôle of novelist as being something

* "The Days of My Life." By Sir H. Rider Haggard. 2 vols. 28s. (Longmans.)

less august and mysterious than it so often appears to be. Over and over again the author seems to be drawing aside a veil and admitting you to a reverie of intimacy and self-revelation, and then he flies to an anecdote by way of illustration, or else he covers the escape with a flick at his defective memory. You gather that there has been nothing added to this autobiography since its last chapter was written a dozen years ago, but you are at liberty to guess where and how far there have been excisions in the interval, all in the direction of modesty concerning self and indulgence towards others, especially the dead. It likes one well, this "jealousy" of self for the sake of others, because it is so rare a virtue in this field of self-portrayal, and it should recommend the book as a fine piece of first-hand psychology, even in circles where (surely an idle supposition) a subject like Haggard and his adventurous life-story make no appeal.

The book engages one by reason of another aspect altogether. He never went to a public school, merely to a "crammer's" and then out into the world of the African colonies, like our friend Sam Weller into the vortex of London, "to play at leap-frog with its troubles." Those days, the middle seventies, were days of dark, impending conflict, for we were hedged in between the devil and the deep sea; that is to say, Dutch resentment of our invasion and our energy, and the wholesale menace of the native races. Politics, fortunately, have no place in these two volumes, and still less in this review, but Haggard, with characteristic courage, sets forth the fact that as a young pioneer he viewed the racial problem at first in anything but a Christian and humanitarian light. To his Gamaliel, that fine spirit, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, he said one day before the issue of the proclamation annexing the Transvaal:

"it would be wiser to leave the country unannexed and retire to Natal. Then," I said, "the Zulus and the Boers will destroy each other, and the Transvaal will fall like a ripe apple into the lap of Great Britain."

He asked me angrily if I understood what I was saying, and said that such a policy would mean the destruction of thousands of white men, women and children by the Zulu

assegais, to be followed probably by a great war between white and black.

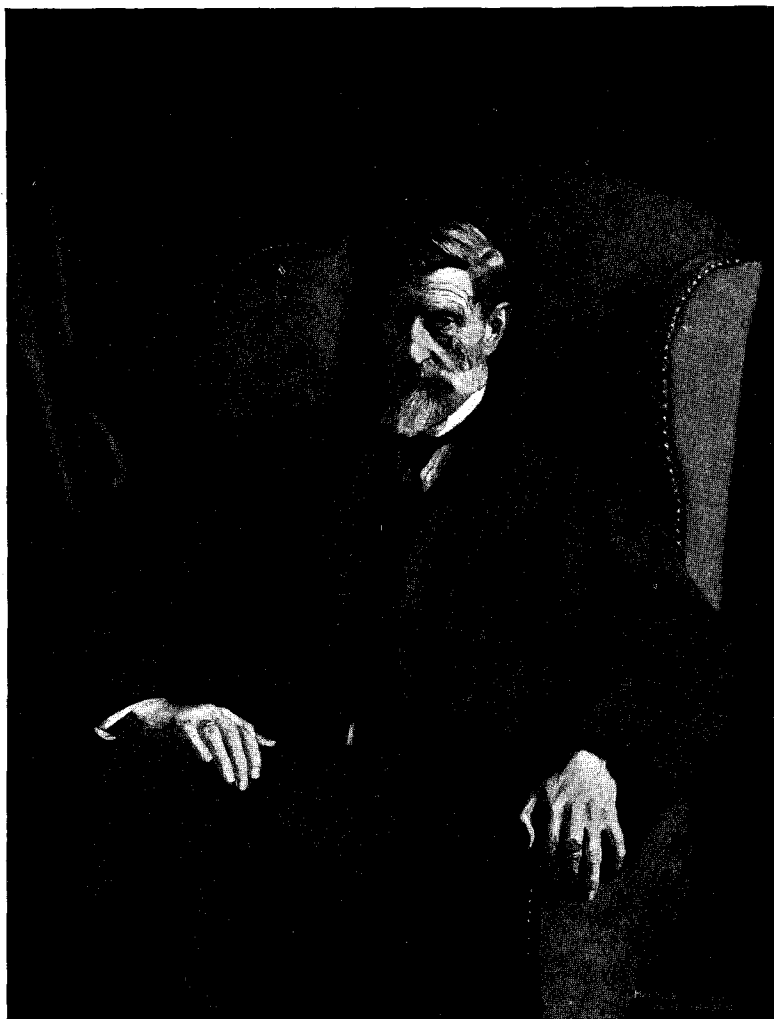
There at a flash we see the atmosphere that engendered romances like "King Solomon's Mines," and it is needless to recall the furore they aroused. I can remember one provincial lad with an exiguous allowance of pence per week rashly mortgaging the income of months in order to burst into a bookshop and buy "She,"

and all on account of that amazing chromo of the uncial-covered sherd that faced the title page. There are no such thrills now, and sometimes we feel as if we would give the whole of Pater-noster Row for but one hour of the breathlessness with which we saw Ayesha arise in her vesture of cool white flame. Somehow that vision of the goddess blinded us, like Tiresias of old, to all rival romances for ever.

Sir Theophilus must have been hardly less dazzled when he heard this stripling from England juggle with the fate of races in so airy a way, but the lad stuck to his view and died believing it. What is more, Shepstone, great-minded lay missionary as he was, liked him none the less, and "I love that boy" was the

unusual sentence that came from him one day when he thought the "boy" was out of earshot. Shepstone was a shrewd judge of men, and worth a host of the party politicians that have stirred up the cauldron of African trouble since. How his heart would have warmed still further, if he had known that this shy six foot of promise and loyalty contained the greatest wizard of romance that Africa has seen or is likely to see, considering the shroud of greyness which the present dawn of so-called progress is drawing over her.

There are chapters rich in spiritism and séance-working, with the usual dank depression weighing down upon them; and chapters of agricultural theory and investigation which showed that in emulating Cobbett and Arthur Young, Sir Rider, though an African magician, was content to keep his feet deep in mother earth. It was the squirearchy of generations breaking out afresh in him, like the cheerfulness in Johnson's clerical friend who strove to play philosopher. Perhaps we get to better depths and truer when we



Sir H. Rider Haggard,
1920.

From "The Days of My Life," by H. Rider Haggard (Longmans).

come to Haggard's confession that, staunch Anglican though he was, he had a profound regard for two institutions outside his fold—the Salvation Army and the Catholic Church. He criticised the second dispassionately but he loved the first, and it is common knowledge within a small circle that he wrote more than one book or two to help General Booth's campaign, and pamphleteered and lectured and attended meetings in the same great cause ; but he refused to touch a penny by way of payment, and this was his consistent attitude wherever he found any movement worth helping. We may smile at the human weakness which made him mope because success in fiction seemed to disqualify him for practice at the Bar, and because the law remained the goal of his ambitions ; and we must all

admire the typical humility with which he deprecated any gift he had in the way of inventing character or telling a ringing story. It was the same with James Payn, we remember, and with many a writer of the nobler breed "called emphatically men." Like theirs, his fame stands secure for a long while to come. Time may impair the sway and influence of tales like his, of course, as Time does with so many higher things. But the race of men and women will have to change considerably before they shake off the spell of true romance, and we may be tolerably sure that our fiction-mongers of to-day will have to take their limitations seriously before they replace the works of Sir Rider Haggard, alike in range or power or universal fascination.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. NOVEMBER, 1926.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that Competition I will be for the best original lyric until three months' notice of a change has been given.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS. ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best New Year Letter in not more than one hundred and fifty words, on the greatest mistake the writer made in the last year.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to F. Elsie Lawrence, South Fort George, British Columbia, and J. Kilmeny Keith, 45, Sinclair Road, Kensington, W., for the following :

EARTHBOUND.

Oh, I must walk a narrow way and never turn my head,
But gallantly and steadily,
And quietly and readily,
Must sweep my floors and tend my bairns and bake my daily bread.

The young May moon came out last night behind the poplar trees,
And jeered at me and laughed at me,
And impudently scoffed at me.
That saucy little slip of moon, 'twas in her power to tease ;

For she can sail the seas of sky and travel with the stars,
And set the dark earth shimmering,
And the wild water glimmering,
And hide again and ride again behind the bright cloud bars.

I'll catch that yellow moon some night and tie her to a tree,
And while she hangs there rockingly,
I'll cry upon her mockingly,
And I will go and she shall stay and mind my house for me.

F. ELSIE LAWRENCE.

IN BOND STREET.

Four women at a window-pane,
Flicker of voices, idle chat :
" They say lace fillet's in again."
" I like the feathers on that hat."
" Yes. Ospreys on a twilight grey."
" And there's a model gown in pink."
" There's nothing much to see to-day."
(Women were always blind, I think.)

How could they lightly stand and stare
When all the street was dark with cries
Of those who made these things they wear,
Of creatures in their agonies,
Ensnared and hunted for their sake ?
Gay birds torn shrieking from the nest ?
Should not these endless sorrows wake
Some pulse of pity in their breast ?

Should they not see the street was thronged
With those who look to them in vain ?
The men and women they have wronged,
The beasts their vanities have slain ?
They laughed, moved on ; and after them,
Veiling the sun, the shadows crept. . . .

I think that, at Jerusalem,
'Twas for these blind souls Jesus wept.

J. KILMENY KEITH.

We also select for printing :

A FAIRY TALE.

Lo ! When the winter comes, the year grown old
With weight of days, creeps wearily and cold,
Then 'neath a laggard sun I sit and rhyme,
Making a song of flow'rs and trees and summer-time.

All that was lovely once : the yellow rose,
The golden buttercup that wilful grows,
The snow-white daisies—ghosts upon the lawn—
Sleeping so sweet a sleep all night, waking at dawn.

All flow'rs most lovely, starry nicotine,
All white and golden flowers I have seen,
The jasmine, gorse and lilies, all are mine,
And hollyhocks, like soldiers standing in long line.

All else of beauty—seas that sang at night,
Low songs of caves, anemones and light,
Here 'neath the sun I change them into rhyme,
Weaving a tale, a fairy-tale of summer-time.

(Winnifred Tasker, Squirrel's Cottage, Meadway, Gidea Park, Essex.)

We also specially commend the lyrics by Ivan Adair (Leeds), Nellie McClelland (Vancouver, B.C.), Margot K. M. Brown (Southampton), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), Thomas A. King (Birmingham), Liam P. Clancy (Hampstead), Irene Brisson (Croydon), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Withington), Martha Bell (Northwood), Freda Baxter (Blackheath), Mrs. E. M. Bertie (Queensland, Australia), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), Mrs. Irene Wintle (Durham), W. Gladden (Crewe), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Silvey A. Clarke (Hurlingham), Margaret Brooksbank (Toronto, Canada), D. G. Fisher (Englefield Green), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Esther Holcomb (Laurence, Kansas, U.S.A.), Marcella Whitaker (York), Esther Samms (Luton), Mrs. Margaret Millen (Bangor), Kathleen Evans (Wood Green), Morwenna R. Lyne (Leeds), Alfred H. Mendes (Trinidad), Elizabeth Fox (Withernsea), Florence E. Crawford (Fife), Judith B. Rosenfield (Belfast), Ruth N. B. Peacock (Witham), Morwyth Rees (Pembroke Dock), N. Boulton (Kirkham), Irene L. Watts (West Wimbledon), Georgina Manly (Malvern), Mrs. D. E. Osborne (Wakefield), S. Marguerite Goode (West Croydon), Evelina San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), Kitty Doorly (London, S.W.), L. E. Salomon (Johannesburg), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), Rev. T. E. May (Annfield Plain), E. M. Hutchins (Colwyn Bay), Joan Warburg (London, W.), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Carmichael Monro (Addiscombe), H. Derezinska (Strasburg), X. I. Davis (Grand Rapids, Michigan), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Gertrude Morris (Brentford), Dora Robertson (London, S.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, Redcot, Mayfield Road, Bickley, Kent, for the following:

A GOOD MAN. BY GEORGE F. HUMMELL.
(Geoffrey Bles.)

"He goes on Sunday to the church."

LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*.

We also select for printing:

EMPTY VESSELS. BY EDWIN PUGH.
(Ward, Lock.)

"A marcifal Providunce fashioned us holler,
O purpose that we might our principles swoller."

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*, 1st Series, No. 4.
(C. A. Wonturz, Choicy, Mount Lavinia, Ceylon.)

THE HIGH ADVENTURE. BY JEFFERY FARNOL.
(Sampson Low.)

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"

Nursery Rhyme.

(Amy Bridle, 95, Blatchington Road, Hove, Sussex, and J. E. Parsons, Hillsboro', Ware, Herts.)

THE LUNATIC IN CHARGE. BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

"He holds him with his glittering eye."

S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*.

(Harold E. Elborn, 15, Norman Street, Stratford, Ontario, Canada.)



Miss Barbara Goolden,

whose clever first novel, "The Knot of Reluctance" (Philip Allan), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

THAT RIDICULOUS WOMAN. BY LEONARD ROSSITER.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

"Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *My Aunt*.

(M. E. Arthy, Homelea, Ember Lane, Esher.)

III.—The Fables are many, but none is quite up to publication standard. They are not pithy and pointed, as fables should be. The best is by Marcella Whitaker, Brandsby, York, to whom the PRIZE OF THREE BOOKS is awarded.

We commend the fables by F. M. Eyles (Andover), Mollie Jarvie (Kensington), H. E. Hunt (Dunstable), E. M. Kennedy (London, W.), W. Gladden (Crewe), Wallace Davies (Prees, Shropshire), M. F. Macarthur (Fleet), J. Higgins (Leeds), A. M. Hillier (Bromley), Mrs. Fortin (Putney), George D. Barnard (York), Annalice Robinson (Southampton), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Derek A. C. Tyrie (Cambridge), Mrs. W. J. E. Haslam (Cheltenham).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred word review is awarded to H. C. Dent, 42, Cromwell Road, Hove, Sussex, for the following:

EDUCATIONAL HERESIES. BY BERNARD D. WRIGHT.
(Noel Douglas.)

This is a very good book, yet a very bad one. The author knows the present state of education intimately, and diagnoses its faults accurately. He has remedies (good ones) to propose. He touches on every branch of the subject. He gets down to the fundamental principles underlying education, and has something of value to say. But, he exaggerates his case, he makes wild generalisations, and he lavishes undue space on his favourite suggestions and schools. It is a book to be recommended wholeheartedly to the expert teacher, given with a caution to the beginner—and hidden from the layman.

We also select for printing:

THE CHRIST OF THE INDIAN ROAD.

BY E. STANLEY JONES. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A most convincing book—one which all those Christians who believe only in the salvation of their own souls should

read. The stamp of the missionary and evangelist is on every page; the author never leaves the concrete, but reinforces his arguments with vivid picturisation. He has had a great vision of "The Christ of the Indian Road," and foresees a magnificent outpouring of the Spirit when the most spiritual people of the earth embrace Him fully. The pith of the writer's experience is revealed in the words of the great master missionary, "I have determined to know nothing among men, save Christ only, and Him crucified."

(A. C. Neil, 96, Shoot-up Hill, N.W.2.)

THE GREAT VALLEY. BY MARY JOHNSTONE.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

It is good for us in these days to read books like "The Great Valley," and to be reminded of the strenuous lives and wellnigh insuperable difficulties of pioneers in the settlement of new countries over the seas. These stories of everyday heroism are apt to be forgotten by their descendants, and this tendency to shortness of memory needs to be corrected from time to time by a narrative of

soul-stirring adventure, related sympathetically by one possessed of vision and understanding, as instanced in "The Great Valley," a story which should serve as a great inspiration to mighty deeds.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by Lady Adams (Los Angeles), Joan Vale (Australia), Fred Smith (Newton, Kansas, U.S.A.), H. D. Slater (Blackheath), Margot K. M. Brown (Southampton), S. K. Dunford (Norwich), Sybil Dean (Somerset), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Withington), Leonard Taylor (Victoria, S.W.), G. Arnold (London, S.W.), James W. Meldrum (Ayr), Sidney S. Wright (Bickley), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Jack Dickens (Ruddington), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Constance M. Bruce (Bingley), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), B. C. Hardy (London, W.).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Margot K. Mackillop Brown, The Dutch House, Brookvale Road, Southampton.

THE LAND.*

BY WILFRID GIBSON.

THESE are certainly unsettled days in the realms of poetry; and any casual listener to the strains issuing thence would, I fancy, conclude that the predominant note was revolutionary. Yet, cheek by jowl with the noisy young rebels, there are quite a number of staid young conservatives, singing steadily and soberly all the while. Not only has there been a marked reaction among these in favour of all eighteenth century literature; but there has also been a return, which is more surprising, at least to me, to the poetical formulas of some of the duller writers of the early nineteenth century. Indeed the essay in verse—The-Pleasures-of-Hope kind of poem—is once again quite the mode; and quiet, reflective versifyings about things in general, and nothing in particular, are being turned out in vast quantities. Odes to the moon, which meander smoothly on until the rhymes are exhausted, are once more in vogue; and even competent versifiers seem to take little account of the dangers of writing to such a loose and elastic formula. The ease with which these essays in verse can be produced is apt to degenerate into a slipshod facility. The illusion that a poem can be made by merely setting down poetical reflections on the world in general is so delightfully alluring, that the writer is apt to forget that the poet can never be a mere commentator on life; that it is rather his business to recreate the world about him, to give it form. And it is the formlessness of so many quite amiable, reflective poems that makes them so intolerably boring to even the most long-suffering reader. The accomplished author may have impeccable taste, a sharp eye for significant detail, a nice ear for rhythm and a happy knack of rhyming; and his reflections on the beauties of nature may be quite unexceptionable; and yet somehow he fails to write a poem. The passionate idea that can alone give a poem a vital form is lacking. Emotion, uncontrolled by idea, runs to waste; and the tendency of the merely reflective poet is to drift into the abomination of abstraction and lose himself in a bog of dullness.

Miss Sackville-West has not altogether avoided the dangers of the formula she has chosen for her ambitious

* "The Land: A Poem." By V. Sackville-West. 6s. (Heinemann.)

poem, "The Land"; but it is on the whole a good specimen of its type. She has the qualities of the abler reflective poets, which are, truth to tell, qualities possessed by a number of other writers who are not poets at all; but I am not certain that she has the gift of the creative poet. In spite of her intimate technical knowledge of agricultural processes, the poem has still the air of having been written from the outside; and her country-folk are inclined to be mere abstract and symbolical figures rather than individual persons. This of course may have come of her deliberate intention; she may have only meant them to be figures in a landscape. Her desire may have been to write in the pastoral mode—that is to write about country people as if they were a different creation, rather than to create men and women that are fellow creatures who happen to live in the country. I myself prefer what I may call the Hardy method. Hardy's essential genius is for human drama; and the conveyance of information about rural occupations, though done by a master-hand, is only by the way. Miss Sackville-West has told me a lot I did not know about agricultural pursuits; and I have been much interested in noting the differences between South Country and North Country methods; but Hardy would have conveyed the same amount of information so much less ostentatiously. Like most reviewers, I suppose I am quarrelling with my author for not doing something that she did not set out to do. Miss Sackville-West's intention was obviously to write an English "Georgics"; and I, no classical scholar, am perhaps scarcely qualified to pronounce on her achievement. At all events her poem is packed with much beautiful description of the English country-side; and though she occasionally strikes a false note, as in her phrase about Summer—"Great-breasted, brazen strumpet of the year" (a phrase she might well have left to the Bright Young Poets!), there are few such lapses. A little stiff at times, a little diffuse at others, her verse is for the most part supple and vivid; and the poem contains many lovely and happy lines that I shall always be glad to recall. Let me bring this rather grudging notice of what has obviously been a labour of love to a close by quoting a comparison between bookish

townsmen and reflective countrymen that goes straight to my heart :

"Book-learning they have known.
They meet together, talk and grow most wise ;
But they have lost, in losing solitude,

Something—an inward grace, the seeing eyes,
The power of being alone :
The power of being alone with earth and skies,
Of going about a task with quietude,
Aware at once of earth's surrounding mood,
And of an insect crawling on a stone."

THE LAMBS, FANNY KELLY AND SOME OTHERS.

BY GRACE GILCHRIST FREND.

ALTHOUGH it is so well known a fact that Charles Lamb loved and sought in marriage the charming and versatile actress, Fanny Kelly, of "the divine, plain face," yet the sequel to the offer, which was not accepted (the lady's affections being bestowed elsewhere), may not be so well known. The sequel was a genial friendship between the two, fostered by his sister Mary.

Charles Lamb first met Miss Kelly in 1817, at the house of the dramatic writer Kenny, married to the widow of Holcroft. The actress was twenty-nine, Lamb forty-four. Prior to this personal meeting, the brother and sister had witnessed her act at Drury Lane, in the comedy, "Modern Antiques," when a mad young fellow named Barnet, who had been persecuting Miss Kelly with letters and an absurd challenge, fired at her, but his aim missed, the shot falling through the scenery behind her. "Yes, you know," said Mary Lamb, recounting the story to a friend with one of her quaint little nods, whereby she was wont to emphasise any special anecdote in the telling, "some of the shot fell into my lap."

The day after this incident, Henrietta Street, where Miss Kelly lived, was lined with carriages of friends who had come to inquire after the health of the popular actress, and letters poured in upon her. The eccentric Lady Caroline Lamb invited her to spend some days with her; this proposal Miss Kelly's friends warned her against accepting, urging that Lady Caroline would invite the whole gay world of London to meet her.

Frances Kelly early trod the stage. The great Sheridan had witnessed her playing of Prince Arthur to the Queen Constance of Mrs. Siddons. On a visit paid to Michael Kelly he spoke in praise of it, for he said: "Last night I was at Brooks'. Charles Fox came there with Lord Robert Spencer; they had both been at Drury Lane to see 'King John.' I asked him if he was pleased with the performance. He replied that he was particularly so with Mrs. Siddons." But he added: "There was a little girl who acted Prince Arthur, with whom I was particularly struck, her speaking was so perfectly natural; take my word for it, that girl in time will be at the head of her profession."

It is related of Miss Kelly that once playing Nell in "The Devil to Pay," a noted part of Mrs. Jordan's, she screamed and recoiled from a drunken husband, a cobbler, who pursued her with the strap; and a man in the gallery shouted, "Drat him, let her alone, will 'ee."

In the beginning of her career she was cast for comedy,

but later her time was equally divided between comedy and tragedy. Her capacity for the latter was accidentally revealed to her in this wise. She had on short notice to act in a play, "The Maniac," and being cast for the heroine, was extremely nervous as to the reception the audience might accord her in this rôle (that of the distressed girl). Imagining her personal appearance did not lend itself to pathos, she took every opportunity of hiding her face when sorrow overcame her. As she came off the stage she encountered Mrs. Strage standing at the wings. "Brava, brava!" said this veteran actress; "serious acting is your *forte*, my dear."

"Oh, my dear madam, impossible; what, with this face?"

She afterwards played Ophelia to Kean's Hamlet.

She admired his impersonation of the Prince, considered it full of feeling, yet more on the emotional than the intellectual side. She instanced as an innovation that he was the first actor to return and kiss Ophelia's hand. Miss Kelly filled this part well; possessing a fine, mellow soprano voice of great compass, she gave the heroine's plaintive snatches of song with telling effect. In the green-room of Drury Lane there were pleasant moments of social intercourse, also of homage from the celebrities of the day, aristocratic and literary. Hither came Lord Byron, a member of the committee of the theatre. He admired Miss Kelly, both as actress and woman. Sometimes Lady Byron would question him closely as to the characteristics of the many actresses he met, and he invariably concluded his descriptions of these by saying, "Yes, but Miss Kelly is the only one you can talk to." Once he showed her the right pose to assume when boxing in some farce, or when she played the rôle of an Eastern lady, and had twisted up her hair under the turban she wore, Lord Byron said Eastern ladies of the harem were proud of their fine, glossy, abundant hair. Upon this suggestion she let her



Charles Lamb,
Ætæ 23.

long black hair fall in masses below her head-dress. One evening she encountered Lord Byron leaning moodily outside the green-room. "Are you not coming in, my lord?"

"No, not to-night."

"Why not?"

Lord Byron smiled one of his bitter smiles, and looked saturninely down at his lame foot. "I don't care to cross the room before all these people."

"Well, will you cross with me? I'm going in."

"Yes, with you I will," Lord Byron answered, his bitterness all gone.

Another time the actress laughingly rallied him on his extreme beauty. "You know you are very handsome, my lord, wonderfully beautiful, but I am not in love with you, not a bit."

Lord Byron laughed a little incredulously. "Why now, aren't you really, not even a little?"

What a contrast this playful scene and badinage to that earlier one of Lord Byron's boyish passion for the beautiful Miss Chaworth, some years his senior, who spoke contemptuously of him as "that lame boy." Or to his tragic parting with the beautiful Countess Guiccioli at Genoa, on the eve of his ill-fated expedition to the rescue of Greece, for which he gave his life, dying for her in his prime.

Lord Yarmouth, of somewhat notorious repute, but a polished courtier, aspired to be Miss Kelly's friend, later her admirer, yet was held at arm's length by the prudent actress. She had acquired a thrifty habit of wearing her second-best gloves at gas-lit rehearsals. Lord Yarmouth rallied her on this careful trait, which she parried by declaring she had so many uses for her spare cash. Some time later she held her benefit; he wrote for a box, enclosing a cheque for £200, intimating that the only reward he asked was a hand-clasp from "these soiled gloves." The lady's ire was roused; she returned the cheque with a note, whose purport was "that she knew we were all liable to make mistakes; he had made one—she enclosed his cheque—but that next time they met he should be welcome to a handshake from the soiled gloves."

A meeting took place not long after, but Lord Yarmouth looked somewhat crestfallen at his failure. The sequel to this passage of arms between virtue and gallantry, followed on an evening when Lord Yarmouth and other gentlemen of like calibre were discussing, over the wine cups, the reputations of actresses and noted beauties. Said one of these gallants: "Now there's Miss Kelly; is she really a pure-minded, virtuous woman?"

"Yes, I can answer for that," said Lord Yarmouth, as the rest viewed him with an incredulous stare, amazed that he of all men should turn advocate of virtuous womanhood—"I would answer for her reputation with my life."

Lord Essex was a devoted admirer, scribbled innumerable notes to her. She became a staunch friend of Lady Essex, and the two, husband and wife, a rather ill-assorted pair, made her in turn their confidante, when she stayed, as she often did, at their country seat, Cassiobury Castle, near Stanmore. And all this while,

when magnates of the gay world of rank and fashion paid homage to the vivacious yet discreet actress, Lamb, remote from the world that "amused" itself and accomplished nothing, continued to meet and admire her both in the private circle of friends, or upon the stage of Drury Lane or the Lyceum, catching, as he wrote in a letter to Mrs. Wordsworth, "from time to time a gleam of Fanny Kelly's divine, plain face."

At this time Mary Lamb began to teach their actress friend Latin; language study possessed great interest for her, as she had a decided bent towards etymology, never resting until she had mastered the derivation of words. Lamb told her to learn German; said he would one day write her a real Saxon letter, to which she must reply. On Miss Kelly asking Mary Lamb what



Miss Greville,

Miss Kelly's foster-daughter.

books she would recommend as valuable to one who had little time for general literature, Mary replied: "Biography, my dear; Charles says so, and I quite agree with him, biography is the most interesting of all literature." Lamb cited Dr. Johnson's "Life of Savage" as a splendid biography, and later presented her with a fine edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

One evening Miss Kelly spent with the Lambs, Charles said in that quaint, abrupt way of his: "My father was a footman." Mary and she exchanged meaning smiles, the former giving one of her quiet little nods of assent. Charles turned to his sister and told her to bring a miniature of their father. "Well," said Miss Kelly, "he looks like a very nice man; what does it matter what he was?"

To the Lambs' Wednesday and Thursday evenings Fanny Kelly often went; in her own rooms in Henrietta Street she too loved to gather congenial friends, but rarely of the stage, for she cared not to mix in theatrical circles.

On one of these evenings the conversation turned on Milton; and the actress confessed that she did not altogether admire "Paradise Lost," thought it almost impious that the poet sought to represent heavenly

things imperfectly, since it was beyond his limit, being humanly impossible. Lamb paused a moment, deep in thought, then turned quickly to his sister: "Mary, the girl is right; what a clever girl she is!"

On another occasion Mary Shelley was to be a guest, and Fanny Kelly also. Miss Lamb had doubts, scruples, as to the propriety of asking the latter to meet Mrs. Shelley, thinking that if she knew the lady's past history Miss Kelly might object to be a fellow guest. "My dear," said gentle, kind Mary Lamb, speaking in her slow, tender, hesitating way, "you know poor Mary lived with Shelley before they were married; we are very fond of Mary, but Charles said I ought to tell you."

Miss Kelly answered: "Dear Miss Lamb, I am coming to visit you, and whoever I find there must be good enough for me."

On another evening Charles and Mary spent with Fanny Kelly in her rooms in Henrietta Street, the actress, quite unaware of his weakness, pressed him to take more wine than was good for him; he became irritable and morose, and broke a pretty china vase.

Characteristics of this friend, loved by brother and sister, have been drawn by one who knew her, and run: "Well-balanced organisation. Depth of character. Strong and warm affection bestowed on a few, but deep and lasting. Benevolent in action, a quick and able reader of character. Her first impression of people always proved correct. Modest opinion of herself. Never self-assertive unless assailed by injustice. Willing to defer to the opinion of others; would sometimes allow her action to be swayed by them against her own conviction. A high ideal of the dignity of her art, and a worship of its great professors."

She continued to visit the Lambs after their removal to Enfield, for a neighbour and visitor, Charles Westwood, describes evenings there: "When any notable visitors made their appearance at the Cottage, Mary Lamb's benevolent tap at my window-pane seldom failed to summon me out, and I was presently ensconced in a quiet corner of their living-room, half hid in some great man's shadow. Of the discourse of these *dii*

Miss Beetham *pinxt.*

George Dyer,

One of the quaintest and best-loved of Lamb's circle of friends.

majores I have no recollection now, but the faces of some of them I can still partially recall. Hazlitt's face for instance, keen and aggressive, with eyes that flashed out epigram. Tom Hood's, a Methodist parson's face, not a ripple breaking the lines of it, though every word he dropped was a pun, and every pun roused roars of laughter. Leigh Hunt's, parcel genial, parcel democratic, with as much rabid politics on his lips as honey from Mount Hybla. Miss Kelly (the little Barbara of 'Elia'), plain but engaging, the most unprofessional of actresses and unspoiled of women, the bloom of the child on her cheek undefiled by rouge, to speak in metaphors. She was one of the most dearly loved of

Lamb's friends. Wordsworth, farmerish and respectable, but with something of the great poet occasionally breaking out, and glorifying forehead and eyes."

And most clearly loved of Lamb's guests Fanny Kelly remained, but owing to the more and more frequent mental breakdowns of kind, tender Mary, the migrations of brother and sister first from Stoke Newington to Islington, to Enfield, and then into lodgings, social intercourse no doubt with the busy actress must have grown more and more interrupted. Charles Lamb died in 1834. Miss Kelly retired somewhat young from the stage (I believe at the age of forty), but lived to be ninety, dying in 1882—surviving the gentle "Elia" just forty-four years.



Button Snape in Hertfordshire,

Charles Lamb's only real property.

After she had founded the Dean Street, Soho, school for dramatic art, she finally retired to the little town of Feltham, where she bought a pretty country house, standing in its garden, a little way back from the road. I have spent many pleasant days and evenings conversing with her foster-daughter, the late Miss Greville (to whom I am indebted for these conversations and reminiscences of the Lambs and their circle). She left Miss Greville

many treasures of old china, brocades, Chippendale furniture; on the walls hung one or two Knellers, a portrait of her aunt, Miss Ross, the sister of David Ross, whom his countrymen held second only to Garrick. David Ross was Miss Kelly's grandfather; his portrait and hers still hang, I believe, on the walls of the Garrick Club.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

No book for long past has robbed me of more sleep than has "The Autobiography and Memoirs of

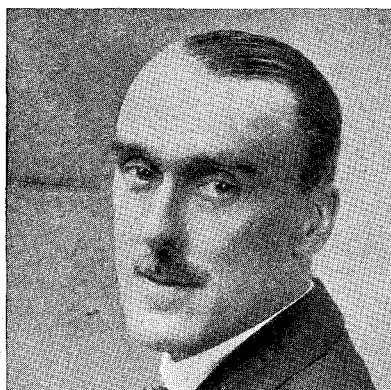


Photo by
E. O. Hoppé.

Ian Hay,

whose new novel, "Half a Sovereign" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

Benjamin Robert Haydon" (2 vols., 21s.; Peter Davies). I have been reading it into the small hours of the mornings for a week past, and when I came to the end, long as it is, could have wished it had been longer. Haydon may have been a bad

painter, as, in his admirable introduction to these two volumes Mr. Aldous Huxley says he was, but he was a most vital and extraordinarily interesting personality. The reproductions here of some of his paintings (the portrait of Wordsworth for instance) suggest that he was not so bad a painter that he had no good intervals; and if all his pictures had been wiped out of existence and you were entirely dependent for knowledge of him on the candid self-revelations in his autobiography and journals, you would feel that he must have been an artist of exceptionally great gifts who was misunderstood and neglected by an age that could appreciate the wooden inanities of Benjamin West, the grisly crudities of Fuseli, but not the high and spiritual imaginings of a William Blake.

Haydon had all the attributes of genius, even to the infinite capacity for taking pains, except the crowning gift of expression. His ambition and his belief in himself were almost boundless. His father kept a bookshop at Plymouth, and for a while Benjamin worked in his father's shop, but he had no aptitude for business, no interest in anything but art. He took lessons in drawing, entered with enthusiasm on the study of anatomy, and soon, despite the opposition of his family, went to London, to put his fortune to the touch. There he lived sparsely in poor lodgings in the Strand, on a small allowance from his father, and worked in a very frenzy of desperate earnestness:

"For three months I saw nothing but my books, my

casts and my drawings. My enthusiasm was immense, my devotion to study that of a martyr. I rose when I woke, at three, four, or five; drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from my casts from nine to one, and from half past one until five—then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten or eleven. I was once so long without speaking to a human creature that my gums became painfully sore from the clenched tightness of my teeth. I was resolved to be a great painter, to honour my country, to rescue the art from that stigma of incapacity which was impressed upon it. However visionary such aspirations may seem in a youth of eighteen, I never doubted my capacity to realise them. I had made up my mind what to do. I wanted no guide. To apply night and day, to seclude myself from society, to keep the Greeks and the great Italians in view, and to endeavour to unite form, colour, light, shadow and expression was my constant determination."

He bought more books on anatomy; and went to witness the dissection of human bodies in order that he might study the positions and functions of muscles and nerves. The Elgin Marbles had just arrived in London, and having obtained permission to examine them, he would go eagerly to the underground cellar in which they were huddled and spend day after day there, studying and drawing them, sometimes remaining till late at night and, by arrangement with the caretaker, assiduously working on by candle light, arriving home at last hungry and exhausted. He had introductions to Northcote and Fuseli, and gives graphically realistic accounts of those visits. His whole picture of his early London days has that same quality of graphic realism. By and by, feeling he had finished with preliminaries, he began painting in earnest. He would not stoop (till he was older and married and harassed with debt) to any potboiling, but devoted himself to grandiose subjects and the presentation of life-sized characters on vast canvases. He exhibited in the Academy, but considered he was badly treated by the hanging committee and started a quarrel with the Academicians which developed and became acrimonious on both sides, and injured him more than it injured them.

His judgments on the work of other artists were remarkably acute and sound, but he was blind to the faults of his own, and was indignant and sometimes offensive when his clients were displeased with what he had done for them. He secured the patronage of Wordsworth's patron, Sir George Beaumont, of Sir Robert Peel, and others, but they all found him difficult to deal with, he was so arrogantly self-opinionated and so satisfied with work that did not always satisfy them. But his personality put such a spell upon them that though he might insult and alienate them for a time they

would come back again at his call and forgive him. I have always respected Peel since he gave that pension to Hood on his death-bed and tactfully let him know it would be continued to his wife ; I have an even warmer feeling for him since reading of his wonderful kindness and unfailing generosity to Haydon, in face of much ingratitude.

With the passing of years Haydon came to know all the leading artists of his time and they figure in his pages with a miscellany of famous politicians and society people, and not a few authors, such as Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Keats, Scott (gracious, modest, friendly here as in all the memoirs that mention him), and, to say nothing of others, Charles Lamb, "stuttering his quaintness in snatches, like the fool in 'Lear', and with as much of beauty"; and one of the most amusing of the many anecdotes about Lamb belongs to these pages. Scott and Keats lent Haydon money ; he was always borrowing, and after he was married and had a large family, after being again and again in prison for debt, he fell into the hands of money-lenders. In his early days his huge painting of "The Judgment of Solomon," though slighted by the Academy, was sensationally successful when he showed it in an exhibition of his own, put money in his pocket and was the talk of the town for a season. In his last days he tried to repeat this success with another exhibition of his own work, but when it opened at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, Tom Thumb was on show in another hall in the same building, and while thousands

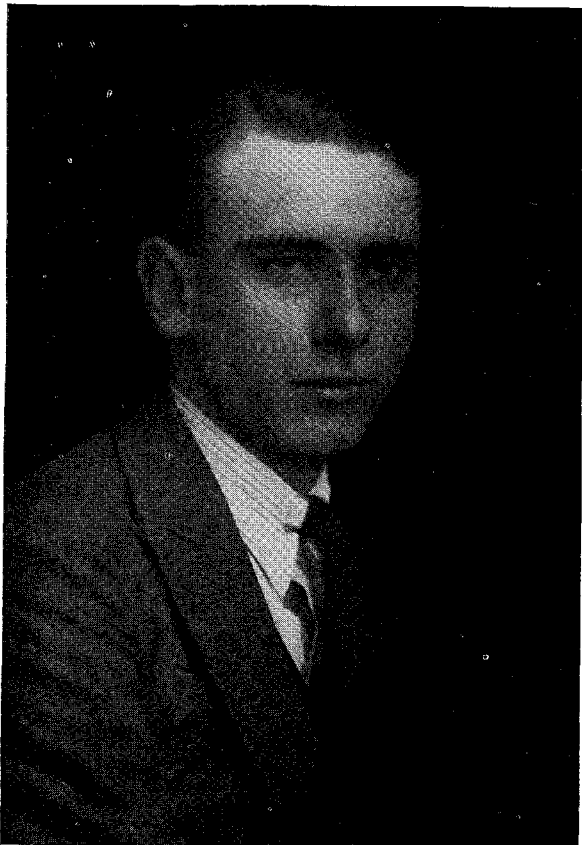


Photo by
Foulsham & Banfield.

Mr. Patrick Hamilton,

whose new novel, "Craven House," is published by
Messrs. Constable



Photo by Dorothy Wilding.

**Miss Muriel D.
Blanckensee,**

whose new novel, "Chrysalis" (Williams & Norgate), is reviewed
in this Number.

swarmed to see the dwarf, only a small trickle of visitors went to look at his pictures, so that instead of yielding him a profit the exhibition added another to his debts. This was the last straw. He was sixty ; Tom Thumb had thwarted his last hope of raising funds to ward off his threatening creditors, and in an access of despair he put an end to his life. His story is so crowded with comedy and tragedy, with idyllic episode and the long strife for bread and fame, that I have been able to give only the barest notion of its fullness and variety. His pictures have not brought him the immortality he craved ; but his memory lives in certain sonnets of Keats, Wordsworth and Mrs. Browning, and above all in this book, which was first published some years after his death and remains one of the best and, to my thinking, one of the most intensely interesting autobiographies in the language.

Mr. James Milne has collected another volume of his essays on books and bookmen, a companion to his last year's "A London Book Window." He is calling the new book "Pages in Waiting," and it will be published this month by Messrs. John Lane.

"The Missing Piece," a new detective story by Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, will be published next spring by Messrs. Cassell.

"It would be difficult to maintain," writes Mr. Stanley Unwin, in "The Truth About Publishing" (Allen & Unwin), "that an atmosphere of books and the company of authors and booksellers were demoralising," therefore you may take it that

publishers, as a class, are not so bad as some authors (mostly young and unlucky ones) would have us believe. Personally, I have had dealings with very many publishers, and have only wanted to kill one, and I am quite sure that if I had done so all the other publishers would have been so glad they would have signed a petition for my reprieve. For there are black sheep in every flock and, for its own sake, the flock would like to get rid of them if it could. Any author who thinks he has a grievance against publishers should read "The Truth About Publishing," and he will find there is another side to the question, and that publishers may have some grievances against authors. But this is only touched on incidentally. The main object of the book is to reveal just what it means to be a publisher. Mr. Stanley Unwin has had a long and varied experience; he is an enthusiast for his calling; a publisher with ideals and, at the same time, as shrewdly practical and businesslike as the true idealist generally is, and ought to be. To convince yourself of this you need only turn to his appreciative chapter on the wonderful system of book distribution which prevails in Germany and could profitably be adopted in this country. But the whole book is written in the same practical, common-sense spirit, with the same readiness to find out the best way of doing things and to get them done in that way. Every side of the publishing business is dealt with in detail; beginning with the arrival of manuscripts in the publisher's office, Mr. Stanley Unwin follows their progress through the hands of expert readers to rejection or acceptance; and when they are accepted, explains how the cost of producing them is estimated, and the trouble and time and money that is spent on producing and advertising and securing publicity for them—unfolds the whole system of transforming the manuscript into a printed book, placing it on the market and getting it into the hands of the reading public. Also



Mr. Stanley Unwin.

he gives full information on the subject of copyrights, as to the different kinds of agreements between author and publisher, and what may be said for and against them, according to circumstance; the system adopted in keeping accounts; on Continental and American markets; he has something to say of literary agents, of unprofitable books, and books that ought not to be published; and his chapter on "Publishing as a profession" should be read by all who think of making that profession theirs. He urges you not to go into publishing "if money-making is your chief objective," but assures you you can make a decent living at it if you study to master its technique, and that "publishing has rewards to offer far greater than money." It is the most candid, informing and interesting book on these matters I have ever read, and everyone anyway concerned with the book trade will be the wiser for reading it.

Last year Mr. Sidney Dark gave us an admirable book on "London." He is following it with one on "Paris," which Messrs. Macmillan have just published.

Juvenile poets have been plentiful; there have not been so many juvenile novelists but that the coming of another may be hailed as an unusual event. Miss Peggy Temple, at the age of twelve and a half has written a novel which she has called "The Admiral and Others," and Messrs. Selwyn & Blount are publishing it shortly. I am told it is not a child's story, and is written with humour and observation and a cohesion and rapidity of action that are amazing in one so young. Miss Temple is the daughter of Mr. Michael Temple, a well-known journalist who was formerly assistant editor of the *Globe*.



Baroness Albert d'Anethan,

whose new novel, "John's Penelope," Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing. She is a sister of the late Sir H. Rider Haggard, and author of several successful novels, and of "Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan."

A biography of Lord Birkenhead has been written by one who knows him but prefers to veil himself behind the pseudonym of "Ephesian." It is to be published



Photo by Jerome.

Mr. Oscar Cook,

whose new novel, "The Seventh Wave" (Selwyn & Blount), is reviewed in this Number.

four years ago, and the price is 3s. 6d.

A book is always at a disadvantage when you come to it with great expectations; his brilliantly realistic Glasgow sketches had led me to expect much of Mr. George Blake's novel, "Young Malcolm" (7s. 6d.; Constable), but I would say at once and emphatically it has more than realised those expectations that I had of it. You are left at the end with a feeling that what you have read is not so much fiction as actual biography; for it is all as quietly realistic, as simply true to the common facts of life as if it were a vividly detailed record of things that had actually happened rather than of things the author had imagined. This sense of reality is in all the detail of young Malcolm's early home-life, in the pictures of his father and mother and of his big, good-natured, raw brother Jock who, in recognition of Malcolm's more intellectual quality, whimsically dubs him the wee Professor. So much of the charm of the story depends on its everyday detail of incident and character that any outline of it is bound to be inadequate. Briefly, it is the story of how Malcolm, after studying successfully at Glasgow University, refused an immediately lucrative medical post to go to London as assistant in the laboratory of a great surgeon. He had ideals, and was bent on being something more than a general practitioner, but made the mistake of marrying young, and in the end was forced to sacrifice his ambitions in order to earn a livelihood for his wife and child. A mistake you call his marriage, and yet you are not so sure of that.

shortly by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

In our review of "The Roadmender Country," by Lorna Leigh (Duckworth), the price was given as 7s. 6d. This is a cheap edition of Miss Leigh's admirable volume, first published

His first glimpse of Gracie Matthews, and their after-meetings, while he was a student at Glasgow, in the lodgings his careful mother had chosen for him, make as homely and delightful a love-romance as any that was ever told.

Gracie is a sweet but practical young person, who damps his first ardours, but is a little sad when he has sobered and realised that it will be a long while before his ambitions are realised and they can marry. He goes to London, and when he returns on a brief holiday, finds that Gracie's father has married again and she is wretched at home with an impossible stepmother, and, love and pity shattering his prudence, they make a hasty marriage and he takes her back to London with him. But to know the story you must know all about Malcolm's student-life in Glasgow; the scandalous, troublesome episode of his brother Jock; and all about his life in London, at first alone, and then with Gracie in shabby, rather squalid lodgings at Pimlico. They have their ecstasies and disillusionings; their poverty is brought home to them by the arrival of Jock as a famous and highly-paid football player; and it is the coming of the baby that forces Malcolm to abandon his ideals and accept a partnership as



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. George Blake,

Author of "Young Malcolm" (Constable).

general practitioner with that breezy and best of his London friends, young Dr. Crompton. All the characters—I have named but few—are strongly individualised; they are drawn and the story is written with humour, and sympathy, and a subtle understanding of the human mind and heart. The beauty and comedy and pathos of it all are incommunicable except by the book itself—for this is not a story to read about but to read.

Mr. Thomas Burke sends me the following very interesting note about Mr. Newman Flower's article on Ernest Dowson in the September BOOKMAN:

"Speaking of Dowson's last days, Mr. Newman



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Miss Madeline Mason-Manheim,

whose book or poems, "Hill Fragments" (Cecil Palmer), is reviewed in this Number

Flower says: 'Someone found him in a wine-shop. . . . ' Arthur Symons, in his preface to Dowson's Collected Poems, also mentions an unnamed someone who found him in his last illness. I think that the *someone* who thus found him and nursed him through his last days, and closed his eyes, should be named. It was Robert Harborough Sherard. He found Dowson in Bedford Street, very ill, and took him to a house in Catford, where he was himself staying. There he tended him until the last night, when Dowson sat up far beyond midnight, talking about Dickens, and refusing to go to bed. Mr. Sherard at last got him to bed, where he continued talking until he suddenly collapsed and died. Mr. Sherard performed the last offices.

"When I was beginning to write—at a very early age—Mr. Sherard kindly read some of my MSS.; and following that reading I spent some days with him at his cottage at Vernon. There he told me the full story of those last days. Perhaps you could

put a paragraph in your November number, giving due credit to the *someone*.—Yours sincerely,
THOS. BURKE."

BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"A Thing of Beauty," by Hilary Crendon (7s. 6d.; Daniel), is an unusual triangle story in which two men love one woman and at the same time are brothers of the soul and love each other. Much of the book is composed of letters—letters from Rhoda to her husband, Richard; from Richard to her; letters passing between Rhoda and Philemon, whom she meets in Paris. Very natural and charming letters, revealing the characters of the writers, showing the development of that enchanting love which brings suffering in its wake, as love inevitably does. There is poetry in the book, and music; it is a fragrant and delicate piece of work. The title is far from being inappropriate, and the author, while depending on richness of sentiment, manages to steer clear of sentimentality.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

LONDON.

Summer Rambles.

When a ramble to the home and haunts of George Meredith was suggested we were assured it would be very popular; but it must be confessed the most sanguine of our members scarcely dreamed that the peaceful surroundings of Flint Cottage would be invaded by a party of not less than fifty enthusiastic pilgrims, some of whom set out, with Mr. Fred Turner, F.R.Hist.S., F.S.A.(Scot.), as conductor, before midday on Saturday, October 2nd. To meet the convenience of many who were unable to start in the morning, arrangements were made for a general gathering of the clans at the foot of Box Hill at 3.30 in the afternoon.

The day's programme included a delightful country walk from Leatherhead, where a visit was made to the quaint old inn made famous by Skelton in "The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng"; through the sylvan glades of Norbury Park, with its memories of John Evelyn, Wordsworth, and Meredith; to the "nightingale haunted vale" and village of Mickleham, where there are three scenes of special Meredith interest: two of these are the "Old House" and Mickleham Church. The "Old House," built by one Thomas Tooth in 1636, was subsequently occupied by Prebendary Rogers ("Hang-Theology Rogers"). In 1857 it had passed into the possession of Justin Theodore Vulliamy, whose youngest daughter became George Meredith's wife. It was during one of Meredith's frequent visits to the "Old House" that some of the earlier chapters of "Vittoria" were written. By special permission of Mr. Gordon Pollock, the present owner, we were privileged to enter the enclosure which hides much of this interesting house, and to get a glimpse of the beautiful gardens.

Mickleham Church—a few yards beyond the "Old House"—has a twofold interest—its antiquity and its associations with two famous literary names. It has been considerably altered in recent years, but still retains traces of its Norman origin—the chancel arch, a fine example of Norman architecture, is almost intact. It was in Mickleham Church, in 1793, that Fanny Burney was married to General D'Arblay—one of a circle of distinguished Huguenots who settled in the vicinity during the French Revolution. Seventy-one years later George Meredith and Miss Vulliamy were married in the same place.

There is no part of Surrey more beautiful than that which separates Mickleham from Box Hill; and the scenes of literary interest which crowd into this short stretch of sylvan beauty are too numerous to describe; but passing allusion must be made to one—Juniper Hall. It was Juniper Hall which sheltered Talleyrand, Madame de Staël; Girardin, and General D'Arblay during the troublous times which were associated with the French Revolution; and it was in grounds almost joining those of Juniper Hall that Charles Mackay lived with his adopted daughter Marie Corelli.

It was at this stage of our ramble that we joined forces with the expectant afternoon pilgrims, and passed without delay into the hallowed precincts of Flint Cottage, where a wide open gate foretold a cordial welcome to this world-famed habitation. Meredith's cottage home and chalet on the fringe of Box Hill have been often described, it is sufficient to say here that, by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wood, the rooms of the cottage and those of the picturesque chalet on the beautifully wooded slope of Juniper Hill—where so much that is precious in our literature was created—were freely and generously opened for inspection; and after a refreshing tea, very kindly provided by Mrs. Wood, it was an additional delight to settle down on the lawn and listen to an eloquent address on Meredith's work by Mr. Louis Wilkinson, a well-known University Extension lecturer; a really great finish to the principal feature of a memorable day.

At the conclusion of Mr. Wilkinson's inspiring discourse Mr. G. B. Burgin expressed the unanimous feelings of the party by thanking Mr. and Mrs. Wood for their unforgettable kindness and Mr. Wilkinson for his much appreciated contribution to the study of Meredith's works. We may add a word of thanks to Mr. S. M. Ellis, whom we were pleased to meet at the cottage, and to whose influence we may attribute the attendance of Mr. Wilkinson.

Burford Bridge Hotel was the concluding scene of the ramble. During a short rest in the charming gardens of this inn there was opportunity to recall some of its famous associations. Nelson's visit a few days before setting out for the engagement which won him immortal fame is well known; Keats wrote some 500 lines of "Endymion" in one of the small rooms overlooking Box Hill; Stevenson wrote some parts of the "New Arabian Nights" under the

same roof, and it was here that Thomas Hardy related the story of the rejection of one of his early books by George Meredith.

The recollection of our reception at Flint Cottage and the rest of our experiences on this perfect day in October will not be easily effaced.

The Bookman Literary Circle assembled in the Hall of Sion College on Wednesday, October 6th.

The Editor of *THE BOOKMAN*, who took the chair for Mr. Pett Ridge, welcomed the members and their friends on this first night of the new season, and mentioned that he was last night at the opening meeting for this season of the Manchester Circle, and brought friendly greetings from them to the London Circle. Mr. Pett Ridge, who was given a most enthusiastic reception, was announced to speak on "How to Read the Short Story," but gave his attention first to the novel. Having described his contribution to the syllabus as perhaps to be regarded as an *hors d'œuvre*, he appropriately made his first heading "Skippers." He said dull passages were read only by dull readers, who were probably the only people who read prefaces. Annotators and the "book-a-day" reader having been dealt with, Mr. Pett Ridge approved of a definition of the short story, from the point of view of a writer, as "a hundred yards for all you're worth," and mentioned Maupassant, Mrs. Henry Wood (Johnny Ludlow), Anthony Hope, W. W. Jacobs, and Stacy Aumonier as masters of this form. He spoke of Rudyard Kipling's mastery, of his sure firm hand in telling a story and of his perfect rendering of Cockney character and speech—"get to love short stories, the best will repay the most careful reading." He advised any authors among his hearers never to throw away an idea if at first unsatisfactory; in time it would become transformed in the mind and finally take satisfactory form.

In the discussion that followed, Dr. Alexander Irvine referred to the American short story and thought the writers erred on the side of being too clever, at any rate for himself, who preferred the quieter style—"they are too smart a crowd to be with." These remarks drew Mr. Edgar Jepson to his feet. There was much to be said for stories such as appeared in the popular American journals, but for us on this side we perhaps failed to realise how different conditions were there, resulting for writers in what almost might be said to be the necessity for a new technique. Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard very ably discussed the short story as written by de Maupassant, and paid tribute to Mr. Pett Ridge's own capacity in that art.

Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon, Mrs. Nicholson, Dr. Mullins and Mr. Wildy Knight also contributed to the discussion, and Mr. Pett Ridge in a delightfully genial and witty vein replied to their questions and criticism. F. A. D.

October 20th.—The address of Miss Madeline Mason-Manheim on "Modern Poetry: English and American," with Miss Almey St. John Adcock in the Chair, was too late in the month to be reported in this Number, and will be reported in *THE BOOKMAN* Christmas Number.

PROGRAMME.

Meetings at Sion College, Thames Embankment, at 7.30 for 8.

November 3rd.—Mr. Philip Guedalla: "On Writing History." Chairman: Mr. H. A. Jones, Official Air Historian.

November 17th.—Sir Philip Gibbs on: "Journalism as the School of Novel Writing." Chairman: Mr. Lewis Hind.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Hine, 3, Holly Terrace, West Hill, Highgate, N.6.



Photo by Ralph Wood.

On the Lawn at Box Hill.

Mr. Louis Wilkinson addressing members of the Bookman Literary Circle.

MANCHESTER.

The Editor of *THE BOOKMAN* gave a very interesting lecture to the Manchester Bookman Circle on Tuesday, October 5th, in the Milton Hall, on "Dickens and the Victorian Woman." He set himself to show that the women in Dickens's day, even the most meek and colourless and exasperatingly good, were the sort of women who actually existed in his day; Little Nell belonged to the same family as Tennyson's May Queen; Agnes Wickfield was sister to Patmore's "Angel in the House"; all Dickens's meek and mild women were copied from those around him who had been brought up on Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," and believed in it, as they believed in and yearned to live up to Kingsley's ideal of the perfect woman—"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever." Dickens, like Tennyson, preferred that kind—his taste for women was very Victorian—except when he broke away and created such great creatures as Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Mantelini, and that wonderful gallery of his humorous feminine characters. Mr. Adcock said there were as many different kinds of girls and women in Victorian times as there are now, only the proportions have changed, a few new types have risen and a few are nearly as obsolete as the dodo, but they all existed when Dickens wrote about them.

Mr. Cuming Walters, editor of the *Manchester City News*, who was in the Chair, and an ideal chairman, made some pertinent remarks which caused much amusement and stimulated a lot of discussion. He emphasised the prevailing attitude of Dickens's mind towards women by saying that the chief adjective, with which he used to qualify his heroines, was "Little."

The meeting on October 19th, when Mr. Sidney Wicks lectured on "Sheila Kaye-Smith," with Mr. Rowland Cragg in the Chair, was too late for report this month and will be reported in our Christmas Number.

PROGRAMME.

November 2nd.—Miss Bertha Ruck: "Half-Forgotten Novels." Chairman: Mr. Stanley Just.

November 16th.—Members' Evening. Miss A. B. Rankin on "Lancashire Authors." Chairman: Mr. H. Pilkington Turner.

November 30th.—Mr. Cecil Roberts: "Some Poems, Some Observations." Chairman: Mr. Gordon Phillips.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Wharmby, Box 510, G.P.O., Manchester.

HASTINGS.

November 3rd.—Mr. W. H. Hills: "The Bibliography of Sussex."

Reports of October meetings will be given next month.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Kenneth V. Saville, The Hastings Bookshop, 16, Robertson Street, Hastings.

New Books.

BOWLES AND COLERIDGE.*

The clerical poet, William Lisle Bowles (1762-1850), Wiltshire vicar and Canon of Salisbury, offers the most remarkable example of a mediocre writer who wielded a very pronounced and acknowledged influence in the formation of the literary work of men destined to surpass him. His greatest disciple was Coleridge.

When still a youth at Oxford, Bowles suffered severely from a love affair which ended in the breaking of his engagement with the lady. He sought anodyne in travel abroad, but the influences of impressive scenery combined with his bitter heartache naturally conduced to the composition of poetry—sonnets which nearly fifty years later he described as "written in early youth from disappointed passion; the tale is *too* affecting, even at these years, to enter on."

The first portion of the "Sonnets" was published in 1789, when the author was twenty-seven years of age and just commencing also his clerical career as curate of Knoyle, in Wiltshire. The "Sonnets" were remarkably successful, for in the course of the next sixteen years no less than nine editions were in demand. They brought to Bowles a fame on which he subsisted for the rest of his long life; in his later work he never attained to the same high mark; only on one future occasion did he secure any degree of public attention in the literary world, and that was in 1819-1821, when he engaged in the controversy with Byron, Campbell, and other writers, on the subject of Pope's poetry and moral character.

In the same year (1789) as the "Sonnets" were issued they came to the notice of Coleridge, then a schoolboy of seventeen at Christ's Hospital, and excited his most profound enthusiasm. He made forty copies of them in his own writing for distribution among his friends, "as the best presents I could offer to those who in any way won my regard." And he told how Bowles's "Sonnets" drew him from metaphysics and theological argument back to poetry, and familiarised him with the principles and practice of the Greek and the elder English poets, and so laid the "solid foundations for his own literary taste." In 1794 he recited selections from Bowles to Charles Lamb, and published a sonnet to his favourite poet in *The Morning Chronicle*; and in the 1797 edition of his own early poems a section was entitled, "Sonnets Attempted in the Manner of the Rev. W. L. Bowles." The two men met of course, and Bowles was instrumental in procuring, through Sheridan and Byron, the production of Coleridge's tragedy, "Osorio" ("Remorse"), at Drury Lane in 1813. It will be observed that Bowles's influence coincided with the year 1797, the date when Coleridge wrote his greatest poems, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and the first part of "Christabel." It must not be claimed that Bowles in any considerable way inspired the peculiar genius of Coleridge or even his romantic conceptions; but it is undeniable that the older poet helped greatly to set the feet of his gifted contemporary firmly on the road leading to supreme poetry. As Charles Lamb so finely expressed it to Coleridge: "Genius of the sacred fountain of tears, it was he [Bowles] who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark green yew trees and the willow shades where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past."

Bowles also influenced the poetical work of Lamb and Wordsworth. There is the familiar story of how Wordsworth went for a walk with a volume of Bowles's "Sonnets" in his hand, and kept his companion standing on one of the Thames bridges while he read the book right through and presumably aloud. Southey wrote to Bowles in 1837:

* "A Wiltshire Parson and his Friends." The Correspondence of William Lisle Bowles, together with Four hitherto unidentified Reviews by Coleridge. Edited by Garland Greever. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

"I shall never forget the improvement as well as the delight which I derived from your poems more than forty years ago." Crabbe and Rogers were his friends.

Bowles, then, remains a figure of very real interest in the literary panorama of that great period when the eighteenth century was merging into the nineteenth. The volume under review may be taken as an instalment towards that fuller biography which the same writer, Mr. Greever, has in contemplation. It contains a short memoir of Bowles, and many hitherto unpublished letters written by or to the subject of the book. The most interesting letter is one written by Coleridge to Bowles in 1797, stating definitely that he had lately been reviewing in *The Critical Review* such romantic works as "The Italian," by Mrs. Radcliffe; "Hubert de Sevrac," by Mrs. Robinson; and "The Monk," by M. G. Lewis—"in all of which dungeons, and old castles, and solitary houses by the sea-side, and caverns, and woods, and extraordinary characters, and all the tribe of horror and mystery, have crowded on me." By a reference in the review of "The Italian" it is established that Coleridge also wrote the review of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Mrs. Radcliffe, for this same *Critical Review*, in 1794, a date when Coleridge was only twenty-one and but recently discharged from his experiences and duties as "Trooper Comberback" in the 15th Light Dragoons.

These four reviews, now reprinted in Mr. Greever's volume, have but little literary merit as reviews, for in those spacious days the reviewer would devote fourteen of his seventeen pages to quotation verbatim of passages from the book reviewed, leaving but little space or desire for the reviewer's personal criticism. (Would that the editor of *THE BOOKMAN* could assign similar space wherein his reviewers could "spread" themselves: I will affirm they would prove more conscientious than Coleridge, and not eclipse their original matter with quotation.) The value of these reviews lies in the fact that they support the belief that Coleridge was indebted, in particular, to Mrs. Radcliffe for the romantic and mysterious atmosphere which envelops "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," both of which appeared three years after the publication of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." The Gothic castle and its trapings, the moon, the dim forest, the great dog, the silver lamp, were the concomitants of Emily before they were those of Christabel. And, further, Mrs. Radcliffe passed on her romantic torch of mystery, with its setting of stately *virtu*, to Keats also, for he uses the same impressive paraphernalia and scenic state in "The Eve of St. Agnes" (1819).

Thus is Bowles linked with the great romantics, or, to paraphrase Byron's jest, he played at Bowls with them.

S. M. ELLIS.

"KNOWEST THOU THE LAND?"

If only Miss Sinclair would tell us where this village, and all the other villages, deep drifted in magic, of which she writes, are to be found! Then we could steal away to them, not by train or motor, though, nor even by aeroplane, for they are not in Baedeker; they are in the Border-Country that merges into the Beyond. Who would stay hereabouts if they could live in the house of Far End, in the village of golden cottages drenched in golden light, terraced with sweetness of flowers in season, bells and cups, hoods and flags, scarlet gems and rosy bosses, submerged in petals of snow and flame, ivory and amaranth, argent and snapdragon-pink? The skies are tender blue there; the gales are warm, hawthorn-scented; the cupped tulips, stirless on their brittle stems, brim with light like goblets in the suave air. Could any house-agent find us

* "Far End." By May Sinclair. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

so sunwarm, rose-cool a haven, what a fortune he would make!

We all have our dreams, but few dream so charmingly, paint so deliciously as Miss Sinclair. A few sentences, with great economy of words, and the place is evoked. It is one of her great gifts to conjure the atmosphere of a place, whether of this golden village or of the ghost graveyard in "Mary Olivier." But she is most at home in the lovely places, in gardens where the limpid air blesses the dewy-eyed flowers; where lawns of close, fragrant turf take the blue, long shadows of ancient trees; where birds speak solace and fruits ripen on rosy walls. She has a clear, sweet sanity in her outlook on humanity which makes her work in tune with all these things. "The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace." After storm, calm weather. So she seldom has in her novels an unalleviated tragedy. Though in her treatment of evil she can be both subtle and severe, her general attitude to life is one of great simplicity. One misses the subtlety a little in this and kindred stories, but the *naïveté* is there still, the charity, the tenderness.

"Far End" is the story of a man who came back to his wife after an essay in merely physical passion. It is the triumph of quiet love, all-comprehending and all-pardoning. The strange woman only loves him for what he can give her. His wife loves him for what she can give to him. Therefore it was decreed from all time that the wife would be victor. Love unspoken is the most tremendous force in the world. One is amazed at the way in which people waste their time making speeches, agitating, praying, even. They might save their breath. The great lovers of the world, in silence, rule the world. Through the glory of their loving the world rushes onwards to God. The only doubt one has is this: Could they, after such a tragedy as had occurred, have found the atmosphere of Far End undisturbed?

Miss Sinclair thinks they could.

"The road went up, bright yellow between its green grass borders. The village was unchanged. The house stood waiting behind its low wall, under its guardian elm, in a golden serenity of beauty. Tall chysanthemums looked over the wall, the elm was yellowing; but roses still bloomed on the terraces. . . . Far End stood shining and firm, most real among realities."

It is quite time that somebody compiled a guide-book to that Border-Country.

MARY WEBB.

(Mrs. H. B. L. Webb.)

A PENSIONER'S GARDEN.*

Some of the savour of Lord Darling's sensitive prose and poetry will be lost unless the reader brings to his perusal a certain knowledge of legal lore and custom. One needs to be learned in the etiquette of courts and the subtleties of pleading to fully appreciate the forthright conservatism of the Serjeant who tells his tale in Hall after dinner; and it would require an expert in forensic costume to enjoy all the fine points of the essay which takes "Costumes de La Ley" for its text. Yet embedded in the latter is the explanation of the colour of the judicial vesture to which Lord Darling bade farewell in November, 1923:

"Long worn, now cast aside; red robe, lie there—
Not, when the organ throbs the Nave along,
By chests of kingly dust,
And Gothic chantries old,
Shall I, with measured step and quickening heart,
Pass to the Judge's place; and, bowed, implore
Myself be not condemned,
Nor less than right decree."

If those simple lines do not, as they should, provide the reader with a key to Lord Darling's nature, perhaps he will find it in the parable he makes of the burning of Madame Tussaud's:

"Apart they stood—Noble, and Churl, and Priest—
Nor knew each other by.
Now, all in one, the loftiest and the least
Together molten lie."

* "A Pensioner's Garden." By Lord Darling. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A moment's warmth makes myriad atoms one.
Has light not broke?
Shines there a crucial sign of good begun
Through foulest smoke?"

Diffidence and a sense of humanity—these are the qualities which lend a rare charm to this delightful volume. Sometimes the diffidence is slightly ironic, as when the essayist assumes an embarrassment in the presence of an American bootlegger on the plea that he had never before

"talked with a smuggler, possibly a pirate"; but always his broad sympathy with humanity shines through and touches his moral with mellowness.

Take the delicately carved vignette of "The Pigeon of Monte Carlo." For a brief space you have sympathy with the old Count who hated the bird because at a pigeon-shooting competition, its sly-



Photo by
Russell.

Lord Darling.

ness robbed him of a victory which would have restored his ruined fortunes; but, by a deft turn of the incident Lord Darling brings his reader back to his own more humane spirit, and even converts the Count himself.

His fancy takes other flights. From a dream of a vision of a plinth which bore the inscription "Locarno MCMXXV" he passes to a railway carriage in which he overhears this conversation:

"Mother," asked the young lady, "do you remember when there were coal fires?"

"La! child, do you take me for Mother Shipton?" said her mother.

"What! the coal all worked out, did you say, sir?" cried I in amazement.

"Oh, long ago," said Mr. Hardcastle, "thank goodness, sir, thank goodness."

"We who live nowadays, and especially you, Kate," said Mrs. Hardcastle, "have much to be thankful for. Why, I have been assured that this beautiful country through which we are now passing was formerly defiled by smoke, that the streams resembled ink, and certainly those distant hills, now so graceful and green, are but heaps of cinders from a thousand furnaces."

In his political forecasts Lord Darling employs gentle satire:

"Mr. Precept was a candidate for Parliament—in the International Party's interest. At the moment when I made his acquaintance he was attending the Assizes in order to prosecute a number of middle-class householders for conspiracy to supply themselves with water from the village pump—in defiance of a picket placed over it—a daring conspiracy to bake their own bread, to kill and eat their own sheep, and, according to separate tastes, to roast, boil or fry victuals for their own dinners, in defiance of the Communal cooks. Meanwhile Mr. Precept proposed to take a country walk; being supplied with a permit to do so by the secretary of the Amalgamated Fly Drivers, to whom he had paid the fare for a carriage and pair."

In more whimsical vein is the sketch of an Italian in London who, in Lord Darling's favourite Italian café in Soho, disdained to order macaroni or *fegato e cervello*, and insisted that his meal of beef-steak and Yorkshire pudding and a pint of strong ale stamped him as the true Italian of the days when England was merely one of the more obscure provinces of the "greater Italy." But to display all the good things in Lord Darling's volume would be to quote the whole. If he were to present a copy to all upon whom he has passed sentence, he would mitigate their durance and inspire nothing but kindly thoughts of himself.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

JOANNA MARRIED.*

"Joanna Godden Married" is not a thorough-paced sequel to "Joanna Godden"; it is an after-word, in some ways, perhaps an after-thought, comparable to the codicil which Arnold Bennett added to "Riceyman Steps." In both cases, qualifying one's pleasure in meeting the characters again, there is a sense of anti-climax. The change of scale, from the novel to the long-short story, gives an effect of restriction, of parsimony almost; as though the authors, their minds occupied with newer and more pressing matters, could only afford a maisonette for characters who once lived luxuriously in a palace. Metaphorically speaking, their reincarnation is attended by straitened circumstances and a call for retrenchment. Their house is semi-detached; the largest and most imposing in a row which they share with others.

Materially, Joanna is as prosperous as ever. She buys a house and a farm of twenty acres for the large sum of two thousand pounds. The former she decorates, solidly and comfortably, but with difficulty (horse-hair furniture, to her surprise, is hard to come by) in the Victorian manner; the latter she cultivates with characteristic vigour. She installs her naughty self-willed illegitimate child Martin, sparing the rod, to the annoyance of the neighbours. Bert Hill, Martin's father, now at the war, she has exiled from her mind; but she still remembers, with romantic tenderness, the first Martin after whom the child was named. Her sister, comfortably settled in life, gives her the cold shoulder; she has no close friends; she is secretive about her past life. But she still has within her a strong up-springing stream of personal life; she is not miserable, or daunted, or depressed. She has come to terms with her lot, but the retention of hope, we must suppose, was no part of the bargain. Enter into this greyness, two factors, bringing drama with them: Carpenter, the shipwrecked seaman, whom Joanna nurses back to life, and (a shadow from the past) Lieutenant Bert Hill. He lies in hospital, suffering from a dangerous wound; but his affection has reasserted itself, he wants to marry her. Both these cases appeal to what is most responsive in Joanna's character, her pity, her maternal sense. The gallant colonel who had admired her in Brighton she could not stand for a moment. She has stirrings of love for Carpenter, which she resolutely stifles; she has tender sentiments, reinforcing a sense of duty, towards Bert, which she as resolutely fans. Self-discipline was of the fibre of her nature, and neither she nor we have any doubt as to the issue of the struggle. Even when Miss Kaye-Smith has cut one knot, and Bert is dead, there still remains a conflict. Joanna's independence, her middle-age, her sensitiveness about the irregularity of her past life, make her reluctant to marry Carpenter. She feels that if he doesn't mind about her previous lapse, he ought to mind: "I'd never marry the sort of man it would make no difference to." Even when he shows her, tattooed upon his arm, the names of three former flames and begs her to cry quits over the question of wild oats, she is not reassured. Left to herself, or only moderately importuned, she would probably have refused him; but he was not the sort of man to take "no" for an answer.

Thus is Joanna tamed, yoked and wedded. This epilogue to her history is full of good things: the character of the child Martin is especially well done: every word he speaks smacks of him. The art of suggesting character by dialogue is not the most outstanding of Miss Kaye-Smith's many gifts, but she has achieved it here. All through the story are evidences of that sanity of outlook, equally remote from sentimentalism or cynicism, which makes her work, in the bulk, so satisfying: with her, two pages are always better than one. She does not always escape dullness, but she always avoids triviality.

Of the short stories which complete the volume at least two, "Mrs. Adis" and "The Mockbeggar," are excellent. The others are less successful, though they contain many good things, while the last two, "Christian Fairy Stories,"

* "Joanna Godden Married, and Other Stories," By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

are practically failures. Fairy stories are simple; mediæval legends of the saints are simple; but Miss Kaye-Smith, in uniting them and bringing them up to date, has made something complicated and shapeless. Her work is, we repeat, better in the piece than in the pattern.

L. P. HARTLEY.

LORD BIRKENHEAD.*

Lord Birkenhead in his preface to this book states that if the narratives amuse an idle hour he is content. They certainly do that and far more. The main interest lies of course not in the treatment of these famous trials of history, but in the position and prestige of the author himself. He is a lawyer, writing for the layman, and as a lawyer he has been able to present the purely legal view.

He does not of course challenge comparison with either the essayist or historian, and the work has no great value from the purely literary point of view. The most striking example of his method is found in his narrative of the trial of Warren Hastings. Of all his cases this is the one that interests me most. What I may term my first real thrill in literature was when as a schoolboy I read Macaulay's Essay. It may not be regarded as Macaulay's supreme effort, his "Clive" and his "Milton" are greater works of art, but nowhere is his matchless style more impressive than in the conclusion to his essay on Warren Hastings.

Here is how Lord Birkenhead sums up:

"Names which will always be illustrious in English history were employed in the attempt to disparage and destroy a most distinguished Englishman. Those names will be the poorer by reason of their exertions. Burke and Sheridan would have been greater men had they observed a truer perspective; and the bombastic orations of the Commons' spokesmen were in the end defeated, and even rendered ludicrous by the cooler and more telling exertions of trained lawyers."

Now take Lord Macaulay:

"But while we cannot with truth describe him as either a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect—his rare talents for command, for administration, and for controversy—his dauntless courage—his honourable poverty—his fervent zeal for the interests of the State—his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either."

The point is this: that what interests Lord Birkenhead is not so much the oratory of Burke and Sheridan, and the character of the illustrious accused, as the "exertions of trained lawyers." He does not seek to present to us the man Warren Hastings or to depict the historic scene at the Impeachment, but to show that his acquittal was "just and justified," and that bombastic orations were rightly defeated. This is his method. I think it is the right method. He is concerned more with the trial than with the man in every case. This detracts of course from any great literary interest in the book. It limits its appeal. It is more for the student than the man-in-the-street. Lord Birkenhead has kept to the path he knows. He never strays into the pleasant pastures of rhetorical effect.

When you have read Macaulay on Warren Hastings, or Andrew Lang on Mary Queen of Scots, you may find Lord Birkenhead somewhat uninspired, but his work is none the less important on that account. He can tell a story with the art of the great advocate, and he can sum up a case as few men to-day can. That gives the book its peculiar value when we come to those trials in which he himself so popularly figured.

The range of the book is amazing—from Mary Queen of Scots to Ethel le Neve, who by the way is described in the contents as Crippen's friend, and in the title of the chapter as Crippen's mistress. The book would not have lost in value from the omission perhaps of one or two cases, but if variety is a virtue, criticism is silent.

Of its kind I know no book that can be compared with it, and no student of the law can well afford to be without it. Where Lord Birkenhead differs from the judges of earlier

* "Famous Trials of History." By the Earl of Birkenhead. 2rs. (Hutchinson.)

and less happy times he may arouse controversy and excite admiration, but I am concerned here not so much with Birkenhead as the lawyer, as with Birkenhead as the maker of books.

BRODIE FRASER.

TALES OF THE WAR.*

Major Brereton commanded the 12th (Nelson) Company of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, and the three campaigns with which his tales are concerned are those of Egypt, 1915, with the Battle of the Suez Canal; Gallipoli; and France, including the Somme. As a vivid narrator Major Brereton takes a very high place indeed and his tales are seasoned with a keen sense of humour always telling and never forced. The account of the Battle of the Suez Canal could hardly be bettered, and it is illustrated by a reproduction of an excellent water-colour sketch by the author, while the conditions of Gallipoli and in France, in and out of the line, are told with a graphic and fluent pen. Major Brereton is very strongly pro-P.B.I., and in his dedication he tells them plainly that it was they who won the war, a claim which posterity will doubtless ratify, even if this means the suppression of the claims of politicians and propaganda people. At the end of the book, and as a kind of supplement to the "tales" proper, is a psychological chapter on "The Making of the Soldier"—or rather a chapter in which psychology and fact are intermingled. This chapter is as good as anything Stephen Crane ever wrote.

If Major Brereton has a keen sense of humour he is also not without a very pronounced strain of *saeva indignatio* at times. He has, now and then, rather stinging things to say about politicians and junior staff officers. Thus of the former: "We had a theory of the war which seemed sound and comfortable. Our idea was that British statesmen had done everything conceivable to lose the war for the past two or three years, and that if ever they relaxed their efforts we would surely win"; and of the latter, apropos of the queue for the leave boat at Boulogne: "We were often annoyed by certain young officers of the gilded staff, who thought nothing of butting in ahead of a hundred of us. Invariably they were lieutenants, and their beautiful uniforms showed that they had never been near the Front. . . . British officers of high rank were invariably courteous, but it seemed remarkable that so many arrant cads had found safe billets on their staffs." As the P.B.I. would say during a heavy bombardment of the Hun lines, "That's the stuff to give them." Major Brereton however soon forgets these little worries and gives his humour free rein. We much like the following:

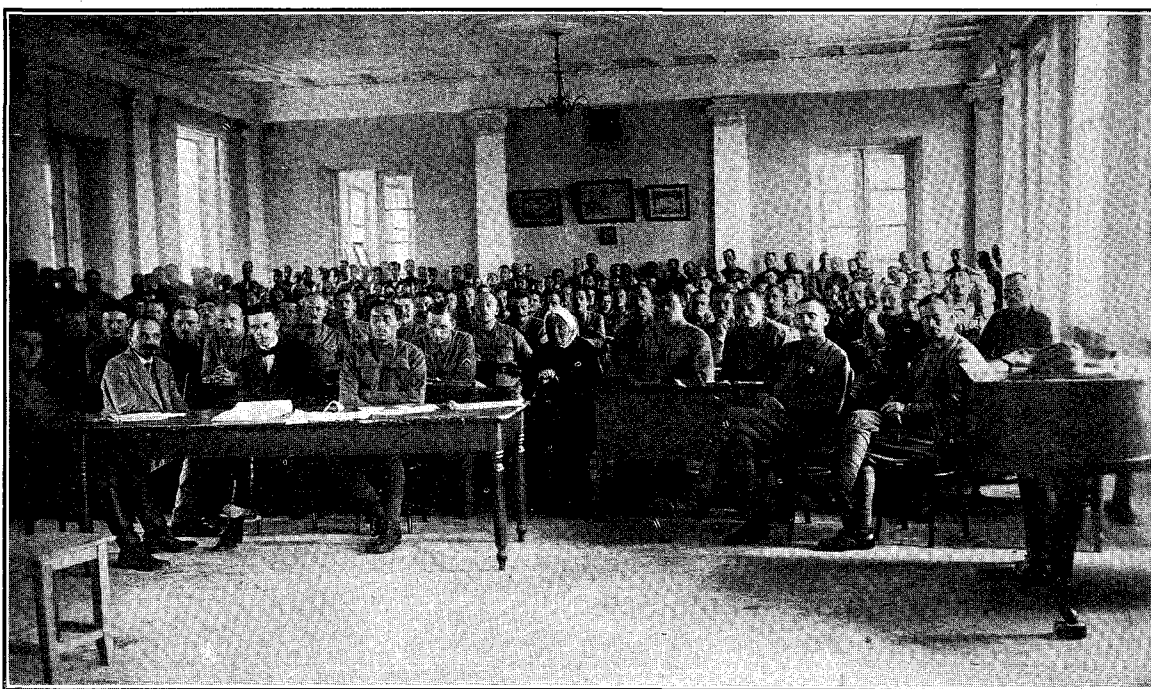
* "Tales of Three Campaigns." By Major C. B. Brereton. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"The March of the Seventy Thousand." By Henry Baerlein. (Leonard Parsons.)

"Dry socks were useful things to have handy, but when it was found that a habit had grown up of men carrying a spare pair on top of their small box respirator, orders were issued strictly condemning the practice. While one of our generals was going round the line he stopped to see if his order was being observed, and soon found a soldier with socks in his gas-bag. The general good-naturedly explained how wrong this was and the great danger of impeding the use of the respirator. To illustrate it the general said: 'Now, when I give the word, you and I will put on our respirators, and you will find that you are greatly handicapped by the pair of socks on the top of yours.' When both were ready the general called out: 'Now! On Respirators!' What he grabbed and pressed to his face was not the face-piece expected, but a pair of his batman's socks which he had been carrying round for weeks."

This is a capital book.

The unfortunate thing about the Armistice, from the point of view of history, is that the relief it brought was so profound that post-armistice operations are apt to be lost sight of. It is difficult now to realise the how and the why of Allied Forces in Northern Russia, in Poland, in Central Asia, or to hazard even a wide solution why some British regiments have "Siberia" as a battle honour. If this is the case about British troops, it is easy to understand that troops bearing a designation which conveyed no meaning until the war was over are difficult to "place." We refer to the Czechoslovakian army which was in being, and fighting, several years before the creation of a Czechoslovakia State. When the war started, Austria's aggression was against the will of the Czechs and Slovaks, at that time subject to Austria and Hungary respectively. The Czechs, who as Austrian subjects were obliged to serve in the Austrian army, lost no opportunity of going over to the Allies. Half the prisoners taken by Serbia early in the war were Czechs. Of these 32,000 perished in the retreat or died of disease. The remnant, 3,000 in number, made their way to France and joined the Czechoslovakian legions already fighting on the French front. Of a total of over 600,000 Czech troops in the Austrian army, more than half surrendered to the Allies. And in Russia a Czechoslovak legion was formed at the outset of the war. Later this grew into a regular army which by 1918 numbered 100,000 men.

It is this latter army which forms the subject of Mr. Baerlein's interesting book. It fought side by side with the Russian armies against the Central Powers, and continued even when Russia was in dissolution. The object of the Czechoslovakian army was to secure the independence of the races from which it was raised, and it



Congress of the Czech Legionaries at Omsk.

In the foreground is Madame Breshkovskaya, the grandmother of the Revolution.

From "The March of the Seventy Thousand." By Henry Baerlein (Leonard Parsons).

had therefore no sympathy with Bolshevism. Accordingly the Seventy Thousand set out for Vladivostok, intending to make their way thence to France, where they proposed to resume their share in the war. The perils and adventures of this Anabasis are Mr. Baerlein's theme. But the situation is very much more difficult to understand than the expedition of Cyrus against Artaxerxes. Siberia was a chaos in which Red Russians, White Russians, Czechoslovaks, Japanese, British, Americans, Chinese and others were involved. If we have a fault to find with this book it is that the author knows his subject so well that he is apt to forget that his readers start with but a vague general idea. An introduction giving the story in brief outline would be a godsend. It should be mentioned however that an excellent map serves to throw a useful light upon the situation, existing in 1918 and onwards, from the Baltic to the Pacific.

F. E. WHITTON
(Lieut.-Col.).

FORESTS AND FAR PLACES.*

There is something fundamentally lacking in the person to whom forests and forestry make no appeal, for the link between most of us and the forest is natural and basic, as is the appeal of the sea: a part of our human heritage.

Professor Stebbing's book, the third and final volume of what will probably prove for at least a generation the most authoritative and informing work on the subject of forestry in India, will be welcomed by all who are interested in forestry the world over, whether from the purely scientific, the administrative or the economic point of view. Those who have read the preceding two volumes will not need to be told that it is written with wide and deep learning and experience. They will not be surprised to learn that both in its plan and in its execution it may be described as a model of what a book of this class should be. Its two main parts deal respectively with the progress of India's forest conservancy between 1871 and 1900; the several Presidencies and Provinces having separate chapters devoted to each, and the general progress of forest conservancy in India and Burma from 1901 to 1925, with the inauguration of forest research work and the effects upon forest policy of (a) the Great War, and (b) the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. The present volume is illustrated with more than one hundred and fifty photographs, all excellent for their purpose, and some beautiful. There is a good index and a glossary of Hindustani and Burmese terms used in the text.

The Forest Department of India is more than a revenue-producing organisation of the State; it is a great Service, tending to produce a special type of officer. Early responsibility, arduous and varied work in remote camps and stations, the direct contact with and charge of native labour, with *shikar* as sole recreation—these conditions, with the sound scientific training that accompanies them, have produced men of the highest value to the Empire, albeit their activities are less in the public eye than those of many other public servants. It is well that the general public should be enabled to realise something of what we owe to these officers; and for that reason alone, apart from others, one sincerely hopes that Professor Stebbing's scrupulously modest and immensely informative work will have readers among non-specialists. Now Professor of Forestry in the University of Edinburgh, his long years of work in the Indian Forest Service are finely epitomised and richly enhanced in permanent value by the trilogy which this volume completes.

"Sixty-four Years in Ceylon" is also the work of a professional forest officer, but Mr. Lewis's book differs

* "The Forests of India." By E. P. Stebbing, M.A., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., etc. In 3 vols. Vol. III. 42s. (Bodley Head.)—"Sixty-Four Years in Ceylon." *Reminiscences of Life and Adventure.* By Frederick Lewis. 15s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)—"Amid the Forests of Normandy." By Edouard Herriot. Translated by John Heron Lepper. 10s. 6d. (Cassells.)—"Impressions—Nigeria, 1925." By Douglas C. Fraser. 10s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

widely from that of Professor Stebbing. As a personal record of life and adventure cast in intimate narrative form, it will appeal more directly to the general reader, if not to the literary critic or to the specialist. Its author was born, of English parents, in the beautiful and romantic island which lies so close to the shores of India, and differs so markedly from that country in almost all respects. Mr. Lewis's early life was a hard and honourable struggle against narrow circumstances. He began as an assistant on a coffee-planting estate at the age of fourteen, taught himself land-surveying, and acquired a considerable practical knowledge of botany and forest lore. He eventually entered the Forest Service of the Colony, and served in it with credit and honour until his retirement at the advanced age of sixty-five. The record given of his interesting life forms a homely narrative, simple, graphic, readable and more convincing than are many more pretentious works of similar scope. Apart from its realistic pictures of Ceylon life, there is first-rate interest in the author's notes of his impressions of English and European travel.

"Amid the Forests of Normandy" is a rather charming, intensely patriotic and discursive piece of work. It contains little about forests, and might equally well have been entitled "Among the Cathedrals" or "Among the People of Normandy." Even these titles might have left the reader some room for surprise at finding a chapter—a fourth part of the book and quaintly entitled "A Cheap Knife"—dealing with the killing of Marat and the events which led up to that. In the chapters headed, respectively, "A Christian Parthenon" and "Glimpses of the Renaissance," the author describes some of the glories of the architecture of Normandy, which is to say some of the noblest buildings in the world. In this glowing descriptive tribute he is perhaps at his best. His style is fresh, vigorous and thoughtful. The illustrations, especially the photographs of Bayeux, Caen, Constances and other cathedrals, are admirable, and add notably to the charm of an attractive volume. Mr. Lepper is a capable translator; and his notes will be much appreciated by readers ignorant of French literature and history, for whose benefit they are primarily intended.

Mr. Douglas Fraser's book of Nigerian impressions is the work of a sportsman with a smattering of natural history, who spent a few evidently enjoyable months in West Africa. The record of his tour contains nothing particularly new or striking; but the fact that he enjoyed it and made active use of his opportunities gives the book a bright and readable quality. He offers the usual light-hearted tourist's easy criticism of the work of officials who spend their lives in the country thus superficially observed. But officials are accustomed to this, and it is one of their virtues that they accept it with intelligent good-humour. Further, this author admits, in his concluding pages, that their work, often carried on in most difficult circumstances, is both valuable and admirable. It has certainly made possible for people like Mr. Fraser, sporting and other pleasures in West Africa which were not within the tourist's reach, say, five-and-twenty years ago, when the reviewer knew the ground covered by this record of a traveller's impressions. There was then a good deal more of forest and jungle, and considerably less of law and order and progress on "The Coast," than Mr. Fraser found.

E. & A. J. D.

ONE WHO SPOILT ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.*

"Cummy," the affectionate diminutive of Alison Cunningham, is a household word among modern readers, having become nearly as familiar to them as the initials of the author with whose picturesque career that paragon among nurses was so closely associated. It was a happy idea therefore that occurred to Dr. Robert Skinner when

* "Cummy's Diary." With a Preface and Notes by Robert T. Skinner. 31s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

he sought permission of "Cummy's" living relatives to publish a diary which she kept during her forty-first year, when she accompanied on a Continental tour Mr. Thomas Stevenson, lighthouse engineer, and his wife, in the capacity of nurse to their only child, in after days the author of "Treasure Island." Devotees of R. L. S. will seek eagerly to acquire the publication, a beautifully produced volume whose letterpress and paper are the book connoisseur's delight. They will read the diary moreover, with a good deal of rather sentimental satisfaction, every word of it. But they had better be prepared in advance to expect nothing, or practically nothing, that may be construed into news about Stevenson himself.

For at that time "Lewis," as she writes misspellingly of him, or "Lew," was no more than thirteen years old. Her references to him are in the main brief notes that "Lewis took me a walk by moonlight," "Lew was seasick" and "Lew says this" or "Lewis did that." Only once or twice do we receive any hint that the rather delicate boy in her care was not an ordinary boy. At Nice the two travellers visited the churches together, and Stevenson's youthful imagination was evidently called into action for the purpose of satisfying his nurse's rather morbid curiosity. "Cummy" was akin to the Scots martyrs in her religious outlook, and the sight of a Roman Catholic carnival draws from her the dour comment: "The great adversary does triumph here. Hasten, hasten, O God, the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of Christ!" The mendicant monks are at one time the object of her curiosity. "They beg. I saw one come to this hotel. I suppose they are a grade lower than the grand priests with their long robes, and receiving greetings in the market or streets. The poor, beggarly-looking, forlorn monk walks on, apparently caring for nobody, and nobody seemingly caring for him." And "Lewis" informs her that the knotted rope round his waist is to thrash himself with!

On another day of sightseeing in the "heathen" churches of Nice, Alison Cunningham "saw some men like priests doing something in a corner curtained off, and when we came out Lew said they were priests playing cards for money." And the simple soul exclaims: "Is it not melancholy?" Evidently R. L. S. is already a young god in this doting woman's eyes, and one cannot help feeling that she contributed her share towards eventually bringing him to feel himself the divinity which, because he spent half his manhood in trying to live up to it, makes him so objectionable to countless unsentimental Southerners who try with all their might, though vainly, to think of the man Stevenson only in terms of his work. The priggishness of any mere mortal who seeks to perpetuate any kind of glorifying legend about himself is insufferable. And Stevenson, for all his ready talent, was often insufferable, especially in his attitude to this same Nurse Cunningham. "My dear good nurse," he has written in one place, "God will make good to you all the good that you have done, and *mercifully forgive you all the evil.*" The italics of course are not Stevenson's; but the idolising attitude of good men and true like the editor of this "Diary," Dr. Skinner, is never so sadly exposed as when in his preface he quotes that patronising sentence (which Stevenson doubtless meant to be all complimentary), without seeming to have any idea that it is not quite the thing for a man to write to a woman thirty years his elder, even though she was only a servitor. Dr. Skinner, in common with many another Stevenson-lover, has assured us that Alison Cunningham was a "strict disciplinarian" in her capacity of nurse. But "Cummy's" faithful record of those not very inspiring travels abroad as a member of the Stevenson household is so devoid of evidence in support of this statement that it would have been a positive relief had we come across some such entry in her diary as "Lew got slapped this morning for being too clever for his years"; or "Lewis is far too grown-up for a boy of thirteen; I must dissemble this doglike devotion of mine now and again, and severely snub him instead."

THOMAS MOULT.

RACHEL.*

How many writers, one wonders, could have managed to secure sympathy for a woman who, running away from her husband, deserts also her child? It says much for Miss



Photo by
E. O. Hoppé.

Miss Beatrice
Harraden.

Harraden's power of narrative, for her ability to get into the heart of her characters, that although as a rule a woman devoid of the maternal instinct is rarely made to appear lovable in fiction, her Rachel, fearless, honest, with a passionate need for liberty, wins not only our respect but our understanding. Married to a man

she does not care for, with one little girl who prefers her nurse to her mother, Rachel takes the plunge and goes off into the wilds with the other man, whom she regards as her affinity. But her love for Sebert Franklin is deeper and more enduring than the great explorer's love for her, and she is paid back in her own coin by Sebert telling her brutally: "I'm tired of you, dead tired of you. When we get back to Nairobi you must shift for yourself—go home, or go off, or go somewhere." They had agreed to have "no pretence," and Rachel accepts dismissal like the sport that she is. But Sebert dies before they reach Nairobi, and Rachel, with the precious films of their expedition, returns to London to face social ostracism. She had meant to avoid her own and her husband's family; circumstances bring her in contact with both. She realises all the beauty and sweetness of life that she has thrown away—or, we prefer to think, with her vigorous independent nature, that were impossible to her. Enough that she is given a second chance and, clear of vision, unfaltering in courage, does not take it. An admirable study, this, of a new type of woman—new, that is, in fiction, though met with often in everyday life.

A. A.

ANATOLE FRANCE.†

Professional critics are in the habit of saying that creative writers are bad judges of literature. Well, after thirty years of intermingled criticism and creative writing, I am bound to say that the professional critics are wrong. And it does not matter what kind of critics they are. Most of Ruskin's opinions about painting are now seen to be almost absurd. When I was a boy musical critics—with whom I had a good deal to do—grinned derisively at the idea that Wagner was a great composer. Only a few years ago the dramatic critics almost unanimously decided that Eden Phillpotts's "The Farmer's Wife" could not possibly be expected to run for more than a week or two. And Mr. St. John Ervine, for whom I have a great respect nevertheless, is for ever preaching, in defiance of facts, that to be a successful dramatist one must above all things study stage technique. But J. M. Barrie and Bernard Shaw, from the first, have both alike ignored stage technique; or, rather, invented a new technique of their own, in defiance of the dramatic critic.

* "Rachel." By Beatrice Harraden. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Conversations with Anatole France." By Nicholas Segur. With an Introduction by J. Lewis May. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)—"Under the Rose." By Anatole France. Arranged and annotated by Michel Corday. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

This by way of prelude to this rather sketchy review of two books concerned with the late Anatole France. I had never read a word of Anatole France until this week, though I have frequently been impelled to do so by the wholehearted praise showered upon him by one whom I regard as a very fine critic as well as a great literary artist—Robert Blatchford. If he reads this he will marvel that anyone should deem him any sort of critic at all. That's just his modesty. I would rather have his opinion on a book than that of any other man living.

And yet, though he has been praising Anatole France for at least ten years past, I have never until now (as I have said) read any of Anatole France's books. That is all for the best. I can now proceed to read them with a ripper judgment than I have been able to bring to the reading of other great authors whom I have tackled too soon, and who have consequently become stale to me.

Unfortunately however these two books are neither of them novels or volumes of essays. They are rather in the nature of what used to be called literary remains. Thus "Under the Rose" is a compilation of notes for various books which France projected but never wrote, whilst "Conversations with Anatole France"—well, the title indicates the nature of that book, I think.

"Under the Rose" is arranged and edited by France's friend, Michel Corday, who says in a short prefatory note: "A year has gone by since he was laid in the grave. The silence imposed upon us by a sense of what was befitting at such a time may now be broken, and I intend to record my protest against the ignoble tittle-tattle of certain gossip-mongers, against the baseless calumnies of his detractors."

This is well said. For I seem to remember a very intimate but not very friendly study of Anatole France in private life which did seem to be, to say the least of it, highly indiscreet. But it may be—so far as I can gather from his notes and conversation—that Anatole France himself lent colour to these calumnies by his apparently cynical attitude towards most universally accepted conventions, including such grave matters as religion and sex. I may not quote from his notes or conversation his more bold utterances, but I think the following extracts may be taken as typical:

Progress (he says) "belongs to the Liberals of 1830. Nothing that we see in nature or in the social condition of man affords us any example of it. Where is the progress of those ferns for instance, which were once trees in those hot solitudes where their sole visitants were winged insects? Where is the progress of the Ichthyosaurus, of the Plesiosaurus, of the Mastodon and of the Aurochs? Where is the progress of the whale whose race is nearly extinct? The ants would long ago have been sovereigns of the earth if they had made any progress in intelligence. . . . For centuries without number man has shown himself capable of perfecting his tools, but not his mind. . . . His race will perish. . . . Every species has a beginning and an end. Mankind will come to an end. He will die out, and that will be the last stage of human progress."

It is difficult to decide whether such opinions as these—and both books under review are replete with their like—are really profound or merely perverse. You see Anatole France was obsessed by a passion for paradox, and this passion, instinct in many young men of brilliant attainments, does often at last become a habit of thought which, though it seem original, in reality is an indication of faulty reasoning powers.

But here again I am handicapped by my ignorance of Anatole France's more important works. After all these casual jottings and fragments of table talk may have been meant to be taken not too seriously. Genius in slippers often talks a deal of nonsense, and the notebooks of the great are not always remarkable for the wisdom of their contents. Perhaps therefore I had best conclude this review by quoting from Mr. Lewis May's most excellent introduction to the "Conversations":

"In his social intercourse, among his intimates, he was free and unconstrained. Unsuspicious of the presence of any note-

making 'chiel,' he would sometimes season his discourse with a daring anecdote, a *grivoiserie* interpolated as often as not in a spirit of innocent perversity, of harmless malice. . . . It has been left to Nicolas Segur to give us the truest portrayal of Anatole France's philosophy and personality that has appeared since his death. In these reminiscences . . . we listen again to the authentic voice and discern once more the familiar gestures of one whom . . . we shall behold no more. The humour, the irony, the compassion, the serenity, the wisdom and the beauty of phrase—all are here. . . ."

I have only to add that I most heartily commend these two books to all who are interested in the great figures in any literature.

EDWIN PUGH.

DREAMS TO SELL.

Those who wish for a sound night's rest should not begin Mr. A. Fielding's "The Footsteps that Stopped" ¹ in the evening, for they assuredly will sit up until day-break to learn the truth concerning Mrs. Tangye's death. Chief Inspector Pointer pieces apparently trifling scraps of evidence together after the fashion of a mosaicist, until he brings into being a truthful picture of what really happened in the morning-room. And the reality is far from what the most suspicious reader will conjecture, although he may—and most certainly will—conjecture a round dozen of times. The tale is admirably related, the characters strongly and clearly drawn, the incidents convincingly set forth; and the *dénouement*, brought out dramatically—or melodramatically—is an overwhelming surprise. Certainly the "long arm of coincidence" is stretched a little too often, but the end of the story justifies the means. Mr. Fielding has provided a sleepless but thrilling and interesting night's entertainment.

Mr. Edgar Wallace is a verbal Niagara. He pours out floods of words and carries his reader along in their tide through adventurous lands to one where everything is made right and proper. Once begun his stories must be read willy-nilly to the never-to-be-guessed end. His history, in "The Square Emerald," ² of the Druze family—a most unholy and original trinity of crooks—leaves nothing to be desired in the way of excitement. The characters who flit so mysteriously through the pages of "The Square Emerald" are delineated tersely but with a cunning hand—particularly that of the brutal Princess Belini. The story is vital with a shuddering dramatic life, such as respectable people love to read about but would by no means care to live. Yet so convincing is the author's narrative that the reader can participate in the most dangerous and shady adventures vicariously, without bearing the penalty which is dealt to the fictitious guilty. This book must be read at a sitting—devoured were the better word—to get the full enjoyment of Mr. Wallace's amazing picture of life among the lawless.

"The Lazy Detective," by George Dilnot, ³ is a readable story, dealing with a duel of wits between a detective and a crook, which has all the excitement of a prize-fight. The title is only applicable to the past of Inspector Labar, as he is remarkably diligent throughout the book in circumventing the cunning Larry Hughes. The tale is well written, but the characters are somewhat inconsistent in themselves, as they change too readily to suit their environment. Nevertheless Mr. Dilnot has produced an interesting story filled with dramatic situations, so the reader can count upon an enjoyable hour in learning how the lazy Labar gets the better of the active Hughes.

In "The Man Who Stood Alone" ⁴ Mr. Paul Trent deals—and very efficiently—with that not uncommon character a self-centred person. Not in the way of selfishness, for Robert Sefton is by no means tainted with that vice. But he concludes wrongly that he is sufficient unto himself, and ignores the greater strength which can be gained by a humble mind. Consequently he falls from his self-erected pedestal, and passes through the fire both figuratively and

¹ 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—² 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—

³ 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)—⁴ 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)—⁵ 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

literally, with the happy result that he improves into a better man. This should be a helpful book to those who think that they are "It," as the author shows the need to everyone of humility—"the highest virtue, mother of them all." In addition to the strongly delineated hero, the other characters are well drawn. Betty, the parson, Phœbe, the solicitor—all are excellent. Lynd, the paternal scamp, and Salter, his partner, are somewhat impossible, as their mixture of vice and virtue does not blend successfully. But the book is really good; a fine, clean, interesting story which deserves careful reading.

To know that Mr. Austin Freeman has written another book dealing with the investigations of Dr. John Thorndyke, is sufficient to lure the most jaded reader of detective stories into buying "The D'Arblay Mystery."⁵ For a remarkably deep mystery it is, unravelled in the most masterly manner by the author, speaking through his medico-legal character who has figured in so many fascinating tales. Out of practically nothing—for there are no clues to speak of—Dr. Thorndyke produces a diabolical something which will startle the most unimaginative reader. Every line of this story must be read to enjoy thoroughly the many thrills, which lead ultimately to the greatest thrill of all, when the criminal is—literally—unmasked. Mr. Freeman in his latest story retains without question the high position he has reached as a writer of this particular class of fiction.

FERGUS HUME.

GEORGE ELIOT AS LETTER-WRITER.*

A lifelong series of letters, a well-kept, intimate Diary or Journal, or a well-written Life (rare, said Carlyle, as a well-spent one), such are to many readers the most fascinating of the contents of a library, and a re-presentation of any one of these is sure of its welcome. It was therefore a happy notion of Mr. Brimley Johnson's to make a series of books in which should be given so liberal a selection of the letters of certain notable women as should thoroughly represent them for most readers, and in some cases perhaps serve as introduction to that fuller correspondence which is in most instances available.

It is fitting—though perhaps more by accident than design—that two or three other volumes have been interposed between the volume which presented the letters of Hannah More and that which presents the letters of George Eliot, for in an unwonted strain of emphasis Mary Ann Evans, yet some years off merging her name in her pen-name, wrote:

"I am glad you detest Mrs. Hannah More's letters. I like neither her letters, nor her books, nor her character. She was that most disagreeable of all monsters, a blue-stocking—a monster that can only exist in a miserably false state of society, in which a woman with but a smattering of learning or philosophy is classed along with singing mice and card-playing pigs."

It is a pity by the way that, having given the letter with this passage in it, the editor did not include one in which George Eliot says of another woman writer, Harriet Martineau: "After all, she is a trump—the only English-woman that possesses thoroughly the art of writing."

For readers who delight in "gossip" letters, anecdotal tittle-tattle of the circles in which the writers moved, those of George Eliot may seem a trifle heavy, yet in reading them as selected in this volume we may realise anew how admirable they are in that quality of self-revelation which is one of the secrets of good letter-writing, even though they afford but small evidence of that gift of observational humour which is revealed in some of the writer's novels. They do however serve to make plain, as the editor puts it, that "like other great Victorians, George Eliot achieved what is now considered impossible—the combination of absolute sincerity, real understanding of human nature and frankness in treatment, with genuine sentiment, emotional idealism, an instinct for romance and firm religious convictions."

* "The Letters of George Eliot." Selected with an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. 6s. (John Lane.)

It is inevitable that any collection of George Eliot's letters must suffer from the "pruning" to which they were subjected when J. W. Cross prepared "George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals"; had he elected to write a biography and publish the letters without pruning them "of everything that seemed to him irrelevant," it is not improbable that the novelist's "Letters" would have possessed more of that personal charm which is much of the attraction of this form of literature; that which one man might regard as "irrelevant," another might interpret as being particularly pertinent. If the originals remain in existence, possibly some later editor will be enabled to present them more impersonally than George Eliot's seven-months' husband found possible. Mr. Brimley Johnson has made his selection with evident care and discrimination, and the volume should prove one of the most widely popular of the series to which it belongs. It is perhaps to be regretted that he did not give one or two such foot-notes as a new generation of readers may well need, to explain, *inter alia*, the purpose of the meeting described in May, 1852, at which Charles Dickens presided, and the significance of the succeeding letter.

"September, 1856, made a new era in my life," wrote George Eliot, "for it was then I began to write fiction"; nearly twenty years earlier she had described novels and romances as "pernicious," yet it is because she was a great novelist that we welcome her as a letter writer, it is as a novelist that she has joined the

"... choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

WALTER JERROLD.

EMILY BRONTË AS A LAWYER.*

The law has often proved a stumbling-block to novelists, for its presentation requires absolute accuracy, which is not always congenial to writers of fiction. "Wuthering Heights," Emily Brontë's great novel, has been submitted

* "The Structure of Wuthering Heights." By C. P. S. (Hogarth Press.)



Photo by J. J. Stead.

House at Thornton
where Emily and
Charlotte Brontë
were born.

to a searching analysis regarding the Land Acts and the Inheritance Laws, and it has been found accurate from every standpoint.

The Hogarth Press has just published in book form a paper entitled "The Structure of *Wuthering Heights*," by C. P. S., which was read to the "Heretics" at Cambridge. To the devotees of Emily Brontë this paper is absorbingly interesting, adding another leaf to those already woven into the chaplet awarded to the "Sphinx of Literature."

Whilst C. P. S. agrees that "*Wuthering Heights*" is almost unique for its great literary merit and passionate chastity, he maintains that Emily Brontë's grasp of the Land Acts and Laws of Entail shows a most unusual characteristic of a novel. Indeed he affirms that no other story in the world could have been subjected to such a drastic analysis and found to be so minutely correct.

"*Wuthering Heights*" was written in the eighteen forties and published in 1847, but the period of the story is from 1771 to 1803, and it seems evident that Emily Brontë was acquainted with the laws of the different periods, for changes had been made by the Inheritance Act of 1834 and the Wills Act of 1837 which made a fundamental difference between the laws of land (real property) and that of money and goods (personal property). Whether Emily Brontë had this definite knowledge of the law, or whether she plotted and planned better than she knew, is not certain, though it adds another problem to the many concerning her great novel.

"*Wuthering Heights*" is a story of revenge, depicting the hero, Heathcliff, a penniless outcast, who becomes the lawful owner of the two estates of his enemies—*Wuthering Heights*, a farm owned by Hindley Earnshaw, his brutal master and oppressor, and *Thrushcross Grange*, a valuable property in the possession of Edgar Linton, a magistrate and highly esteemed landowner, and his sister Isabella, whom Heathcliff wickedly married, as part of his scheme of revenge.

Edgar Linton married Cathy Earnshaw, Hindley's sister, and thus deprived Heathcliff of what he considered his just rights, for Heathcliff and Cathy were lovers in the highest sense of the word. Henceforth the discarded lover plots vengeance on Linton, and ultimately gets absolute possession of the valuable estate of *Thrushcross Grange*, and yet Emily Brontë so marvellously plots out the story that Hareton, the son and heir of Hindley Earnshaw, and the second Cathy, daughter and sole heiress of Edgar Linton, marry, and the two estates return to the descendants of the original owners.

It is this intricate weaving of the story which C. P. S. has unravelled with regard to the law, and he proves that it is perfectly in order with regard to the Land Act and the Law of Entails. The author also gives a pedigree of each of the owners of the two estates, and marvels at the complete symmetry of both. In addition there is a chronology of some seventy items, which has been cleverly worked out by C. P. S. although Emily Brontë had only given three definite dates in her novel.

The topography of "*Wuthering Heights*" has been tested and found to be wonderfully accurate, as also the botanical information, though C. P. S. thought he had discovered a serious error where Emily Brontë tells of a moorland ash tree being in bud as early as March 20th, but on further investigation he discovered that the tree referred to was in the garden at *Thrushcross Grange* in a sheltered position, which shows Emily Brontë's minute observation.

This research by C. P. S. has been well worth the trouble, for it proves that apart from her great genius as a novelist, Emily Brontë was also scrupulously accurate and sincere in all that pertains to the law.

ESTHER ALICE CHADWICK
(Mrs. Ellis Chadwick).

THE GREAT EARL.*

There have been many "Lives" of Lord Shaftesbury. But Mr. Bready, a Canadian divine who came to England

* "Lord Shaftesbury and Social-Industrial Progress." By J. Wesley Bready, M.A., B.D. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)

in 1920 with a view to discovering "the attitude of organised religion to social and industrial problems"—an investigation which he naturally found could only be approached in the light of history—claims that a new biography is needed to place Shaftesbury in his true place as the chief lay representative of the Evangelical Movement which, started by Wesley, "rises supremely above any other religious movement affecting the social developments of the English-speaking world." This volume is indeed additional evidence of the fact that the contribution made by the Wesleyan Revival to social reform is again coming to be estimated at its proper worth. For some time past it has been fashionable for historians to minimise, if not to deny, the social influence of the Evangelicals, and to represent the movement initiated by Wesley as having been so exclusively theological and "other-worldly" as positively to hinder, instead of helping, the cause of reform.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond, in their studies of the Industrial Revolution, have in especial been guilty of this error. To the many merits of these writers Mr. Bready pays generous tribute; but he accuses them of colouring certain facts in order "to interpret the whole social problem in the light of their own peculiar study." The mistake they make is in suggesting that the Industrial Revolution "offers a general explanation for modern disorders"—a theory that "has never been proved, and can never be proved," since "it conflicts with truth":

"The Hammonds' deduction, however, is obvious enough. Emphasising the lamentable exploitation of women and children accompanying the Industrial Revolution, they turn and ask, why did not Religion put a stop to this dreadful business? Then, noting that the labours of Wesley and his 'enthusiasts' were contemporary with these epoch-making changes, and being oblivious of the degrading, even bestial conditions against which the Revival fought, they proceed to blame Evangelicalism for not averting a catastrophe. . . . The trouble with this convenient conclusion is that it takes no stock either of social conditions immediately preceding the Industrial Revolution, or of the meagre representation of the Early Evangelicals among rulers in Church and State. The fact is, every evil of the revolution was latent in the early eighteenth century, and in exaggerated form. All such evils required was an ampler theatre for operations; and that theatre was provided by the brilliant inventions ushering in the factory system."

Mr. Bready then very trenchantly points out that it was not until 1815 that the Evangelicals secured their first representative on the Episcopal Bench. The early Evangelicals were indeed much like the early Christians—a people of little social status and practically unrepresented in ruling circles. They had—a necessarily slow process—to work gradually, building from foundations upward; and to blame them therefore for not preventing the evils of the Industrial Revolution is as ridiculous as it would be to condemn "the Apostolic Church for the debauchery which pressed in upon it on every side."

If however the Evangelical Movement was powerless to prevent the ills arising from the introduction of the factory system, it is to the Wesleyan Revival that practically the whole spiritual driving-force for the arrest and remedy of those ills may be traced. To purely economic or materialist critics it would no doubt be useless for us to suggest that the merely indirect spiritual influence of the Evangelicals, in reforming individual lives, played an incalculably ameliorative part. But there is no need to press this claim. It is enough to look at the tangible work achieved by Evangelicalism. Dr. George Eayers, in his recent study, has established beyond dispute Wesley's own contributions to practical reform, and now Mr. Bready, whose well-documented book shows him to have ransacked very thoroughly all the available evidence, comes forward with irrefutable proof of the consistent warfare against social evils carried on by Wesley's successors, among whom Shaftesbury, the greatest of them all, ranked himself.

But while Mr. Bready is concerned to trace Shaftesbury's spiritual descent from Wesley, and to show that the Victorian movement for social reform was mainly religious in origin, it would be unfair to leave the impression that his book is wholly controversial. A fervent partisan and a doughty opponent of materialist interpretations of history,

Mr. Brady certainly is. He deals moreover some hard knocks at the "smart" and "clever" school of modern historians who, lacking all sense of perspective, write of the nineteenth century as though it were the twentieth, and scoff at the "paternalism" of Shaftesbury as if it were as laughable in his own day as it might be in ours. But though there is much of the moralist and the fighter in Mr. Brady, he is an honest and a courteous antagonist. While stressing the depth (and consequently the power) of Shaftesbury's simple piety, he recognises its narrowness, and he admits that Shaftesbury's character was as inconsistent in some ways as was John Bright's in others. For the rest, all controversies apart, he has retold very pleasantly the story of a noble career, and in such detail that his book is less the biography of a single man than a review of the whole social progress of an epoch. And if the tale has been told before, it bears retelling. There is no greater inspiration than the record of a selfless life; nor is there a more potent antidote for despair about the present than a reminder of the "good old times" when children of five were driven into the factories, and girls and women toiled half naked in the mines.

GILBERT THOMAS.

THE MAN EATER.*

"Billy the Kid" is the mightiest thing in bad man literature that America has produced, and it has the somewhat doubtful advantage of being true. If our memory serves us rightly, Billy the Kid does have a flickering existence somewhere in the pages of Jack London or O. Henry; but even the vital imaginations of these great writers could not have added a semicolon to the epic of actual fact which makes the story of this incredible boy the most astonishing of its kind in the pioneer days of New Mexico.

William Bonney, who was born in New York City on November 23rd, 1859, lived to the age of twenty-one, having killed a man for every year of his life, "not counting Mexicans or Indians." Billy was a killer at the age of twelve, when he murdered a blacksmith with his pocket-knife, and when he arrived in Lincoln County, where there was such ample scope for his peculiar abilities, he had already sent eight men to their account. The feud between the McSheen and Murphy factions, which ultimately called for government intervention, gave this tiger cub the drink he thirsted for. He killed while the killing was good—gaily, happily. He had no remorse. No memories haunted him. Perhaps this fact, added to his uncanny skill as a marksman, and his sixth-sense premonition of when to strike, may account for his unprecedented success in the art of murder. He may have been a genius—the child of a dark star—as young Mozart and Chatterton were geniuses. He is surely one of the wonder children of the world for no ordinary standards can quite explain how it was that this slim-built, smiling boy with the hands and feet of a woman, was able to put the fear of God into the hearts of the bravest and worst men in New Mexico, and keep it there. And New Mexico in those days was no playground for children. A murderer he undoubtedly was many times over, but he possessed genius, courage and a smile. He was courteous and even gallant to women. Had it not been that the tender memory of one of them clung to his hard young heart he might have lived to double the number of men he had blotted out of the light of day. Perhaps it was she who robbed him in the end of that sixth sense, six-shooter co-ordination which dealt death as a snake strikes. It may have been that he walked out of the arms of love shorn like Samson of his strength, for Billy, who spoke best with a gun, hesitated at the fateful moment to ask a question, and that unasked question was answered by death.

What would have happened to Billy the Kid if he had listened to the good advice of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur"? There was that in him which could have

* "Billy the Kid." By Walter Noble Burns. 10s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

lived down the bloody record of those twenty-one lives "not counting Mexicans or Indians," and he may have written his name as large on a cleaner sheet. But having taken such a gamble with death, it was logical that death should beat him at his own game. He died in the way of his choice.

A rude balladry in Spanish and English has grown up about him, and in every *placeta* in New Mexico, Mexican girls sing to their guitars songs of Billy the Kid. A tragic and heart-stirring story this, and told with a dramatic skill and vital force that impresses it indelibly on the memory.

CHRIS MASSIE.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.*

Miss Ethel Seaton's discovery of a manuscript of poems by Phineas Fletcher in the unexpected environment of the Library of Sion College is, as Dr. Boas remarks in his preface, "one of the minor romances of research." It was, as Miss Seaton herself candidly admits, a piece of pure luck. She was engaged on investigations in no way concerned with Fletcher when the manuscript fell into her hands. But she is too modest when she describes these hands as "undeserving." How deserving they were is proved by her immediate recognition of the identity of a poem entitled "Venus and Anchises" with one published by Thomas Walkley in 1628 as "Brittain's Ida" and attributed to Edmund Spenser. It is also proved by the excellence of her editorial work, which includes a long suggestive introduction, a commentary and textual notes. That a set of amatory verses came to lodge in the library of a clerical foundation is not perhaps so surprising as it might seem, since seventeenth century clerics, of whom Phineas Fletcher was one, more often perhaps, and certainly more candidly than to-day, paid their tribute to bodily love before embracing a spiritual vocation in which

"Those stormes of looser fire are layd full lowe,
And higher love safe anchors in my hart."

In addition Miss Seaton has discovered a connection between a friend of the Fletchers, John Arrowsmith, and Sion College, and although it would seem very improbable that this Puritan divine should have preserved a collection of amatory verse, one of the many clerics among the Fletchers' friends who frequented the College may well have done so in order to relieve, as Miss Seaton whimsically conjectures, "the rigours of a Puritan Sunday."

The chief importance of the manuscript relates to two only of its contents, the "Venus and Anchises" and the "Epithalamium." The former is an original version of "Brittain's Ida," but it begins with two previously unknown stanzas which prove at last, what scholars have long suggested from internal evidences of style, that Walkley's ascription of the poem to Spenser was a mistake. In these stanzas the author uses Fletcher's pseudonym of Thirsil and in addition locates himself

"Where lovelie Came doeth lose his erring waye,
While with his bankes the wanton waters playe,
Which still doe staye behind, yet still doe slippe away";

No one familiar with Fletcher's other poems could doubt his authorship after reading these lines, and a third new and typical stanza clinches the matter.

The "Epithalamium," which is the one completely new addition to the Fletcherian canon, also contains a passage clearly connected with another occurring in "An Hymen," written for the wedding of Walter and Margaret Roberts, and Fletcher's reputation as a poet certainly gains by this discovery. For the "Epithalamium" has a spontaneity, a pagan freshness and urgency seldom found elsewhere in Fletcher's verse, which is generally too artfully contrived to allow his impulse full freedom of expression. In metrical structure it is correspondingly daring, regular

* "Venus and Anchises" ("Brittain's Ida") and Other Poems." By Phineas Fletcher. Edited from a Sion College MS. for the Royal Society of Literature by Ethel Seaton, M.A. With a Preface by F. S. Boas, LL.D., F.R.S.L. (Oxford University Press.)

stanzas being interspersed with passages irregular in length and structure; and the variety of rhythm is equalled by a diverse and exceedingly effective rhyme scheme. In no other of his poems did he express the sensuous so frankly and consequently so innocently, or reconcile a lyrical abandonment so harmoniously with a poetic convention.

Among other textual improvements, the last stanza of a poem previously known as "To Mr. Jo. Tomkins," but entitled here "Non invisa cano," a stanza which Coleridge used for a metrical experiment, is made more perfect in its dying fall by the addition of a third line hitherto missing. It runs now:

"Goe litle pipe forever I must leave thee,
My litle litle pipe but sweetest ever.
Goe litle pipe he never will deceave thee,
Goe goe for I have vovd to see thee never—
Never ah never must I more receave thee,
But he in better love will still persever.
Goe litle pipe for I must have a new
Farewell yee Norfolkke maydes and Ida Crew.
Thirsill will play noe more for ever now adew."

This stanza is very characteristic and is well fitted to stand as an epilogue to the poems contained in this volume. For with the exception of one or two passages in the "Piscatory Eclogues," the Fletcher who speaks here has not yet developed the clerical or quasi-metaphysical conscience which presides over "The Purple Island." Miss Seaton has traced most of them to the period between 1605 and 1615, and in the process has evolved a very likely explanation of Fletcher's departure from Cambridge and of the indignation thereat which he expressed in his second Eclogue. But the poet of "Venus and Anchises" and of the "Epithalamium" has not yet renounced either Cambridge or the Norfolk maids. He is sensuous as the young Shakespeare was, though not so richly. A better comparison is with his cousin, the author of "The Faithful Shepherdess." The combination of artifice and innocence, of a frank and playful realism with decorative cunning is typical of them both. And when Phineas Fletcher took orders he renounced more than his own voluptuous youth. He renounced the spirit of an age. He turned from the sixteenth century, the joyous, yet mannered paganism of which he was the last perhaps to paint in unfaded colours, to the seventeenth, which could never again delight in the body for itself, and so substituted a fantastic ingenuity for a lost ingenuousness.

In some of the Eclogues the quibbling philosopher of "The Purple Island" is occasionally foreshadowed, and also the devout divine. But even here there is a sweetness, a dissolving tenderness which the later poet seldom recaptured. Take for example this reference to the "Fisher of men":

"Those fisher swaines from whom our trade doeth flow,
That by the King of Seas their art were taught,
As they their boates by Iordan shoares did row,
And cacing fishe were by a fisher caught.
Ah blessed Chaunce much better was y^e trade
That being fishers soe were fishers made."

A native simplicity here underlies the conscious craft, and it is so with most of these early poems. They are full of conceits, of pretty tricks and pretty notions, but they are sustained on a genuine wave of feeling, which occasionally, as in the following stanza, carries the self-conscious artist on its crest before breaking in a spray of feminine endings:

"Noe flatterie noe envie lodgeth there.
There no suspition walled in proved steele
Yet fearefull of the armes himself doeth weare,
Pride is not there noe tyrant there we feele,
Noe Clamorous lawes shall deaf thy Musick eare,
They know noe Chaunge nor wanton fortunes wheele
Thousand fresh sportes grow in those daintie places,
Light Faunes and Nymphs daunce in the woodie spaces,
And little Love himself plays wth the naked Graces."

The young Fletcher is more himself when he reminds us of the lesser Elizabethans than of the greatest. But his "litle pipe" at its best is his own, and he plays it with the rapture and the grace of Sidney's shepherd-boy who never would grow old.

HUGH I.A. FAUSSET.

HELEN WITH NO AITCHES.*

Had Cleopatra's nose been different in shape—that is a speculation which opens less alarming prospects than the one entertained by "Elizabeth" in her new farcical fairy-story. If Helen had had no brains and spoken with a Cockney accent and dropped her aitches, would Troy have burned? Would the heroes have succumbed to that beauty, and the ships have been launched to war? "Elizabeth" evidently thinks it would have made no difference at all, and it is proof of her uncanny skill that I have read her story, parts of it more than once, and do not now know whether she intends it as an insult to men or a compliment to women. Everyone falls for Salvatia Pinner; there is no Ulysses to keep his head for a moment, and Salvatia is stupid, common in speech and manner, but exceedingly, devastatingly beautiful. Her beauty has distressed her parents, and when her mother dies, Mr. Pinner, a grocer at Islington, moves in despair to Woodles with his seventeen-year-old daughter. Woodles was remote, quiet, dreary; nothing happened at Woodles. No one lived at Woodles except ladies. Woodles was safe—until the mysterious arrival of something called term; and then Mr. Pinner realised bitterly the meaning of education at the University of Cambridge. In sheer self-defence he allows the first undergraduate who mentions marriage to marry Sally, and so shifts his trouble, the trouble of disturbing beauty, to Jocelyn Luke.

Up to this point "Elizabeth" has restrained herself; but now she lets herself go. Sally's adventures become sheer farce, good farce, farce with a tang, occasionally perhaps allegorical farce, but farce all the same. And how witty "Elizabeth" is. In this book she uses a boldness, a fluency even greater than in her earlier stories. The pages are studded with good things, and as usual her men suffer the severest. No sooner does a man arrive but she punctures him, mortally, tosses his corpse and then props it up and forces it to indulge in self-ridicule. Her account of Jocelyn's and Sally's honeymoon is one of the most pathetically comic things she has ever done. Sally is merely bewildered by "Mr. Luke's" excited, demonstrative affection, and only puts up with it because it is her bounden duty. Her beauty is indeed skin-deep; though she has a good, solid, dependable character. She has no jot of romance, or imagination, or sentiment, or passion, and she means all in all to men and most of the women whom she meets. A wretched life for her, and not much fun for them. We take leave of Sally, established in a cottage by the Duke of Goring, who at ninety-three years of age has fallen a victim to her beauty, and soundly scolds Jocelyn for marrying above him. This cannot be the end of Sally, and "Elizabeth" will, I hope, quickly give us more of this Helen of Islington and her likeable if rather unintelligent husband.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

GABRIELLE.†

There is Mr. Maxwell at his best and Mr. Maxwell at his second best, but Mr. Maxwell is always good, and though "Gabrielle" does not, in our opinion, bear comparison with "Spinster of this Parish"—now in its third edition—yet we find in it those signs that have caused the word "classic" to be used in connection with this author's works. He calls "Gabrielle" a Romance, and this quells the critical spirit that rises in us after reading the first few chapters. We feel that the work-girl Gabrielle and the high-souled, idealistic aristocrat who falls in love with her at first sight are rather spineless creatures, and that in hashing up this stale theme that has thrilled many generations of kitchen maids, Mr. Maxwell is not treating us seriously. Then we realise that Mr. Gibson, Gabrielle's stepfather and caretaker of a Knightsbridge mansion, is

* "Introduction to Sally." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

† "Gabrielle." By W. B. Maxwell. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

just such a character as Dickens would have drawn for us; there is, too, quite a Pett-Ridgean atmosphere about the sayings and doings of the would-be genteel Mrs. Gibson. Both characters are deliciously clever. It is unwise to make the mistake of judging this author's work while he is putting in those masterly strokes that take no form till the end.

About two-thirds of the way through your half digested opinions will be causing you discomfort. Gabrielle Deane lives in the basement of the aforesaid house with her mother, stepfather, sister and the little Lance, a war orphan Gabrielle has adopted. Impudent, scheming old Gibson, seeing Gerald Thorndyke's infatuation for Gabrielle, forces the girl to agreeing to trap him into marriage, and to "see that he marries the family too." This is fatally easy, but at the last moment Gabrielle turns Gerald down, and finishes by confessing her past, and that Lance is really her son. At the same time Gerald discovers how he has been snared. In the final break up Gabrielle disappears with her son. Thrown on her own resources, the timid, clinging girl unexpectedly makes good. Her manners and her education stand her in good stead, and we next meet her as the prosperous partner in a wholesale dress-makers in Paris. Gerald, who loves her still and has written letters which miscarry, discovers her, but Gabrielle repeatedly rejects his renewed offers of marriage until an hour of terrible crisis drives her into his arms and brings happiness for them all. The latter part of the book, where the tale speeds up, is splendidly written, and the life in France and all the French folk who are Gabrielle's friends, and the careless French doctor, Collin, are sketched with that unfaltering skill which amounts to genius.

V. E. W.

LORD OXFORD'S HALF-CENTURY.*

Lord Oxford, as we all know, is what Bacon called "a full man," but one would hesitate to call "Fifty Years of Parliament" a full book. In fact, there are moments during one's first reading of it when one is tempted to call it a somewhat thin book; but it is a much better book than it seemed when it was being serialised in a condensed form. The immense amount of quoted matter in it—extracts from autobiographies, biographies, memoirs, monographs, parliamentary reports, blue-books, etc.—is made to hang surprisingly well together, and does not look altogether out of proportion to the connecting links of narrative and commentary. The only portion of the work which savours of "padding" is the section at the end of Volume II, devoted to "Political Catchwords," and even these pages, although they have very little that is new in them, will interest many people.

It would be a churlish thing to calculate how many of the five hundred or so pages of the two volumes are really made up of original matter, but if they are not numerous at least they are very good indeed. Towards the end of Volume I, for instance, we have two quite admirable companion sketches of Lord Morley and Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and at the beginning of Volume II Lord Oxford deals equally well, in a somewhat similar fashion, with Lord Spencer and "C.-B.": these four little studies in contrasts will often be cited, one feels sure, in future histories of England. Lord Oxford's account of Parnell also is very vivid and penetrating. Parnell's mind, he tells us, seemed to him "a strange compound of insight and obtuseness, one might say of genius and stupidity"; Parnell "saw at intervals things which other people did not see," but he was apt to be "inconceivably blind to things which almost everybody else saw." And Lord Oxford proceeds to give a very curious illustration of this from the proceedings of the Parnell Commission:

"Towards the close of the inquiry, after the exposure of the forged letters, and when all interest in the affair was languishing, Parnell was put into the box. Sir R. Webster's cross-examination, which lasted many days, was a monumental

* "Fifty Years of Parliament." By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, K.G. 50s. (Cassells.)

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Sampson Low

exhibition of futility; but late on a Friday afternoon, when everyone's powers of endurance, including Parnell's, were all but exhausted, Sir Richard cited a passage from some speech of his in Parliament which Parnell found it difficult at the moment to justify or even to explain. 'Do you mean, Mr Parnell,' asked Counsel in his most solemn tones, 'that you intended to deceive the House of Commons?' Parnell replied with weary insouciance, 'I suppose I did.'

"As we walked away from the Court to our usual consultation, Parnell (who was, as I have said, an old cricketer) remarked to me with unruffled complacency: 'Didn't you think Webster's bowling very wide to-day?' 'The bowling was wide enough,' I growled, 'if only you hadn't hit your wicket.'"

Apart from these character sketches and half a dozen others, Lord Oxford, to one's regret, gives comparatively little in the way of personal recollections, but if he is lavish with his extracts from the writings of others, it must be acknowledged that he selects with great skill and gusto, and that his comments and foot-notes often give a new significance to passages with which most of us are familiar. On the whole he is a most friendly and generous commentator. There is not a bitter line in either volume and there are very few lines indeed which should hurt anybody's feelings. Lord Balfour for instance will not take it much to heart that Mr. Gladstone, who about 1871 had found him "very attractive and candid, and not a Tory either in conviction or sentiment," was obliged to confess twenty years later that he "has since much deteriorated." And the ministerial place-seeker alluded to as "X" in the following anecdote is not entitled to resent very seriously its inclusion in the book:

"One of the candidates for the post who was getting anxious about his chances, came to John Morley (who told me the tale) for encouragement, and was unlucky enough to find him in rather a ragged mood:

"J. M.: 'My dear X, if you get into the Cabinet, take my advice and never open your lips there.'

"X: 'I never do except when I have something to say.'

"J. M.: 'That's just when you should keep them shut.'"

One's chief disappointment with "Fifty Years of Parliament," apart from Lord Oxford's undue reticence and self-repression, is that it does not deal more fully with Mr. Gladstone. The Life by Lord Morley is in its way a masterpiece, but its author's gift of irony is restrained in it, or at least never applied to the character of Mr. Gladstone himself; the "Artful Dodger" side of the "Grand Old Man" is entirely left out. Like all official biographies, Morley's Gladstone calls for a supplement and corrective from the pen of someone equally familiar with the subject but less hampered by circumstances. Perhaps in some future work Lord Oxford will attempt this task. No one else could accomplish it half so well.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

HALDANE MACFALL.*

One has recognised for a long time that Mr. Macfall is among our most versatile writers; and that is a fact which the greater public in England finds it hard to forgive. What they demand of a writer is that he should repeat himself over and over again, so that the unthinking client at the lending library will know exactly what goods she is taking home. She regards with suspicion those slippery fellows who cannot stay in their own particular basket. Either she will "larn 'em" by ignoring them altogether, or else at least by ignoring those of their works which she regards as wayward. A year or two ago, for example, Eden Phillpotts published a very beautiful volume of rationalist essays, which apart from their well-considered and lucid arguments were couched in exquisite language. How many of his Devonshire devotees were persuaded to glance at this notable book?

We now have the enterprising firm of Alfred A. Knopf giving us the reissue of an old book by Mr. Macfall and also a new one. They are as the poles asunder.

Let us in the first place deal with the new book, "The

* "The Three Students." 7s. 6d. net. "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer." 10s. 6d. net. Both by Haldane Macfall. (Knopf.)

Three Students." This is a tale of that Persia in which Omar Khayyám flourished. The poet plays a very prominent part in these pages. His legion of lovers in this country will rejoice that he is presented so sympathetically. But the manner of the book is rather questionable, being of such difficulty that the reader will either glory in it or detest it. There will be no half-way measures. In the first chapter we find a descriptive sentence of one hundred and twenty-eight words, starting with "The sun's refreshing flame . . ." and if the reader who arrives at the end of the sentence does not thereupon have to seek another kind of refreshment—well, he is either another Mr. Gladstone or at any rate a stronger vessel than the present reviewer. The phraseology of the book is not exactly from Wardour Street, but it is very much nearer to that stuffy thoroughfare than to the airiness of Anatole France's villa on the hill above Tours. There is a considerable contrast between France's mode of giving us the story of Thaïs and Mr. Macfall's method. "Why hath my father tarried so many moons in the desert?" asks a little girl in the rose-garden of Omar. Would it not have been better if she had been made to speak like other little girls in similar circumstances? Yet there is a great deal of beauty in this book and many of the situations are finely dramatic. We will also agree with the publisher and say that the atmosphere is voluptuous.

So is the atmosphere of "Jezebel Pettyfer," but to my thinking much more satisfactorily. It is inherent in the character of these West Indian natives and they make no parade of it. The occasional, very occasional introduction of a British observer, usually either the author himself (who was indeed an officer of the West India Regiment) and sometimes a brother officer, or the judge, or the judge's wife—these passages are as a cool, shadowed place after the tropic glare. This book is not overladen with "scenery" and the descriptions are more vivid by far than those of "The Three Students." It is painfully shown in "Salammbô" that such descriptions of an antique time, however magnificent, cannot easily rid themselves of the odour of a museum. In "Jezebel Pettyfer" we feel all the time that everything came to pass and that we are not living in a mere land of the theatre. Nor is the language pseudo-poetical and romantic; it is on the contrary vigorous and animate to a degree. Instead of "Why hath my father tarried so many moons in the desert?" we get, "Land o' Goshen! de like of yo' low trash given' me yo'r talk! Yo' is bound to come to end dat yo' low trash father come'd to—if folks only know'd who he are." The multifarious adventures, more or less reprehensible, of this group of characters take us along at a good pace. Amid the boisterous good-nature and the low cunning we happen upon pathos and beauty. There are also some episodes which cause us to hold our breath. "Peradventure," as these negroes love to say, peradventure there may be a truer and more brilliant book depicting the abundant life of West Indian natives, but if so I have never come across it.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.*

Although more than seven and a half centuries have passed since Thomas Becket was slain in his cathedral of Canterbury, his personality is still a living force in our politics and literature. In politics because the intervention of the Industrial Christian Fellowship in the mining dispute was really a belated example of an effort to claim "rights for the Church as against the State"; in literature because he has coloured prose and verse from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" to Tennyson's "Becket." There ought then to be a considerable audience for such a well-reasoned, carefully balanced and amply documented study of Becket's life as this revised and enlarged biography by Dr. Hutton.

* "Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury." By William Holden Hutton. 8s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

His judicial temperament is reassuring. Hero though his subject is to him, he freely admits that his life "is open to criticism at every point," that it would be folly to attempt to make a "plaster saint" of such a character, and that he was "violent, impetuous, resentful of injuries, impatient of opposition, bitter in tongue, stubborn in heart." Admitting too that the England of to-day has no sympathy with clerical separatism, Dr. Hutton still holds that Becket's life has not lost its moral because, in Bossuet's phrase, the discipline of the Church needs its martyrs as well as its faith.

To the average reader, however, who has little interest in the problem whether Becket's aims were patriotic or ultramontane, and less patience perhaps with his advocacy of a ruthless ecclesiasticism, it is the personalia of Dr. Hutton's study which will have the greatest charm.

Thomas of London—for so he called himself, even after his elevation to Canterbury—seems to have been a normal London boy in his interest in football, cock-fighting, tilting, river sports, dancing and all the other recreations of the twelfth century. His personal appearance—the portrait is from an early pen—is engaging:

"Slim of growth and pale of hue, dark of hair, with a long nose and straightly featured face; blithe of countenance was he, winning and lovable in all conversation, frank of speech in his discourse, but slightly stuttering in his talk, so keen of discernment and understanding that he could always make difficult questions plain after a wise manner."

If fate had not destined him to be a martyr, he would probably have been best remembered in our history as a wise Chancellor, second to the king in his four realms. Even Dr. Hutton's somewhat austere judgment on his character can hardly apply to the secular phase of his career. And his friendship with Henry in those days was unclouded. Nor was his life, layman though he was, other than truly religious. Despite the manners of the age, he was secular but not sensual. There is a picturesque old story which narrates how at one time he was under suspicion of having fallen a victim to the wiles of Avice, the king's neglected mistress. But the host with whom he was staying, on searching the house at midnight with a lantern, discovered that though his guest's bed was empty, "before the very bed he seeth a bare-footed man, prostrate on the floor, on whom after kneeling and praying sleep had fallen." It was Thomas the Chancellor. "A man of pure life and good manners."

As is common knowledge, it was Becket's assertion of the claims of the Church against the State which led to his breaking with the king. And Dr. Hutton gives a picturesque account of the beginning of the quarrel. They met in a field near Northampton. When Becket appealed to the instance of Peter—"Yes," Henry retorted, "but he died for his Lord." "And I will die for my Lord when the time is come," was Becket's answer. And when Henry rejoined that the Archbishop leaned too much on the ladder on which he rose, Becket's final word was, "I lean on the Lord; cursed is he who putteth his trust in man."

Dr. Hutton rounds off his admirable study by what seems to be a conclusive judgment as to the fate of Becket's bones. He points out that all the contemporary accounts of their exhumation and destruction by the orders of Henry VIII declare that the bones were burnt, and asks the pertinent question: "If the bones were not burnt, why were they not discovered and honoured in the reaction under Mary?" But even such an unanswerable question will not deter the theorising of such ghouls of illustrious dust as will cling to myths of Kitchener's coffin.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

HILL FRAGMENTS.*

These poems of a young American writer are, as Mr. Arthur Symons says in his preface to the book, "musical in the highest sense of the word." Though to an extent

* Hill Fragments." By Madeline Mason-Manheim. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)

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a disciple of *vers libre*, Miss Mason-Manheim has a keen sense of rhythm which touches with lyrical beauty all the poems gathered together in her artistically produced volume. "There is a kind of psychology in Miss Mason-Manheim's verses which goes deep down into the very root of things," says Mr. Symons. There is also an effective and magical simplicity—the simplicity of true emotion, a single-hearted love of words and a very real understanding of them. Brevity too gives to her work a swift, arresting charm, adding intensity to such poignant fragments as "Longing":

"My longing is a wan ghost
Stealing down phantomed ways.
My longing is a pale flame
Trembling in the cold wind of life.
My longing is a dark stream
That earth holds from the sun.
My longing is an aching hand clasping the void.
My longing is a fluttering bird
Seeking, yet never finding, the larger sky.
My longing is a voice wandering, unanswered, in the mist
For evermore."

One of the most passionate, dramatic poems in the collection is "Life's Answers," which contains some striking imagery and many exquisite lines.

THE END OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD.*

"The World of William Clissold" is not more unlike the orthodox novel than the aeroplane, sweeping vigorously through vast tracts of space, giving you surprising bird's-eye views of all manner of things, is unlike the steady old horse-omnibus which took its regular passengers with unfailing regularity over a prescribed route, starting from somebody's Arms, stopping by the way at "The Lover and His Lass," "The Rivals," "The Chequers," and other such well-known signs, and ending regularly at "The Adam and Eve," a nice old-fashioned place with a garden to it, if it was only a tea-garden. So of course when the average bus-riders got into Mr. Wells's new novel and it carried them off in a different direction, they didn't know where they were; they could not look out of the window and see the old story passing by as usual, and naturally protested that this was not a novel at all. There is no real reason why novels should always be cut to the same pattern; anyhow, it does not matter whether this is a novel or not; a rose by any other name, you know . . . and what matters is that "The World of William Clissold" is stimulating, exciting, entertaining, vividly alive and variously interesting—everything, in short, that novels are supposed to be, though we do not invariably find them so.

In this third and last volume, as in the other two, William Clissold is chiefly preoccupied with the story of his world, its social, political, moral and intellectual developments, his views of its past and visions of its future, and only intermittently and as in a sort of under-plot does he carry on a record of the incidents and men and women that belong to the narrative of his personal life. If there is a touch of irony in the time and manner of Clissold's death it is not Mr. Wells's irony, but the irony of circumstance that is always waiting to knock the bottom out of the best-laid schemes of the most masterful of men. Clissold at sixty has outgrown the hot and lawless passions of his youth; he is resolving to marry the improper Clementine and make her respectable and happy; he is full of a great dream "of a vast conspiracy in London and America and throughout the world, to bring order into the dangerous chaos of human affairs"; he foresees the coming, in the natural order of things, of a United States not only of Europe but of the whole earth, "an economic world republic," and thinks of certain powerful men who might join him in working toward that end. With these objects in mind he is setting out with Clementina from his peaceful Provence retreat, when a small boy steps out from behind a stationary motor, he swings his car aside to avoid the boy, the thing overturns and he and Clementina are killed.

* "The World of William Clissold." By H. G. Wells. Vol. III. 7s. 6d. (Benn.)

Even the flow of evolution may be side-tracked by such sudden accidents.

Clissold's idea was that scientists, financiers and big business men are going to be the saviours of the world. The spread of commerce, growth of knowledge, progress of scientific discovery and invention will bring the ends of the earth within easy reach of each other, scrap old systems of government that merely hamper the goings of a human race that has matured beyond the need of toys and go-carts, break down ancient tribal barriers, and weld the separated communities of mankind "into one community." As Clissold puts it:

"I do not regard the organisation of all mankind into one terrestrial anthill, into Cosmopolis, the greater Athens, the Rome and Paris and London of space and time, as a Utopian dream, as something that fantastically might be. I regard it as the necessary, the only possible continuation of human history. To fail to take that road will mean a fraying-out and a finish to that history, a relapse through barbarism to savagery, to the hard chances of animal life for a creature too scarce and long-lived to be readily adaptable, and so at last surely to extinction."

Commerce has plunged us into so many wars, we have so long regarded money as the root of all evil, that it is difficult to think of finance and big business as our saviours at last, but we have harnessed the lightning to our service and turned poisons into medicines, and it will not be strange if, in the end, we find a soul of goodness in other things that have hitherto been evil. Clissold's opinions of women are not to be taken too seriously; he is shrewdly represented as, like the rest of us, apt to judge the whole sex by the particular, or not too particular, types of it with which his manner of living has naturally made him intimate; moreover, like the rest of us, in different moods he has different opinions about them. But when he is dealing with the vast theme of human evolution, with the changes that have come and are coming over social and political institutions and ideals, with the hundred and one little and large complexities that make up the sum of modern life, he writes with an insight and breadth of understanding, a profundity of thought and suggestion that make his individual experiences seem as insignificant as straws on a stream. Clissold's love affairs, like Napoleon's, are petty scandals very much in the background of his career. Wells the novelist has collaborated with Wells the seer; the novelist has done his work brilliantly in the creation of certain characters—Clissold, his brother Dickon, two or three women—but it is the triumph of the seer that has saved "The World of William Clissold" from being only another addition to the swarms of what are commonly known as sex-novels and given it significance as a penetrating and independent study of the modern world and its tendencies and made a great book of it.

ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Novel Notes.

THE GOOSE-FEATHER BED. By E. Temple Thurston. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

Mr. Temple Thurston's new novel—happily titled from the song of the "Raggle Taggle Gipsies"—is a romance of the circus told with lively spirit and unfailing interest from the moment when Kit happens upon Ablett's Circus at a time when it is short-handed, and so gets badly needed employment at a time when he has exchanged his shirt for some food, to the anticipated close. Old Ablett, who runs the circus with varying success and a downward trend owing to his age, is a wonderful character clearly and faithfully limned. A run of success seems likely when his red-headed granddaughter Chikka takes to the ring, but she is suddenly spirited away from the circus caravan to London theatrical success, and the adoration of a young baronet. The old man is sorely stricken by the desertion of one who was "a true Ablett," and carries on his travelling entertainment conscious of diminishing popularity. Then comes announcement that the popular actress is to marry the

young baronet—and, on the very eve of the wedding, a highly dramatic scene in the circus tent leads to a rapid “making up of minds” in various quarters. It is a capital, unconventional story, told with all the author's accustomed skill and will it may well be believed prove as popular as anything that he has written.

THE BLACK PAVILION. By Augustus Muir. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Conscience makes us all suspicious, if it does not make us all cowards. When Hugh Littlejohn, wanted by Scotland Yard for some indiscretion on his part, takes flight from London in the Edinburgh express, he makes sure that the shrewd-looking gentleman who enters his compartment as the train steams out of King's Cross is a detective. The other man, himself not a criminal, yet under warrant of arrest, makes the same mistake about Hugh. The two men, having (after much amusing misunderstanding) discovered their error, enter into “partnership,” each agreeing not to question the other about the “game” he is playing. The train being stopped by signal along the Lothian coast, they escape unobserved in the darkness down an embankment, and take possession for the night of an unoccupied country mansion. Next morning Hugh, unable to resist his yearning for a bathe, gets out of his depth and is carried by the current to a small island, near which he is rescued by a charming girl who startles him by revealing her knowledge of his identity. The mystery deepens with each successive chapter, and is only brought to its final and happy unravelment with the last chapter. Mr. Muir has already written some excellent “thrillers,” and “The Black Pavilion” will enhance his reputation.

THE SEVENTH WAVE. By Oscar Cook. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Oscar Cook has written a story of intense dramatic power—the story of a disastrous marriage and a love that comes too late, set in the heart of the tropics. Mervyn Aird and Audrey Wrenn meet on the voyage out to Borneo. Aird is returning to his duties as District Officer; Audrey is going to join her husband, a man of dissolute habits, who, in a few brief years of married life, has destroyed her illusions. From the beginning Audrey and Aird realise that they love each other; but both play the game, and Audrey resolves to fulfil her “contract” to the drunken, selfish weakling who has given her his name; while Aird resumes his responsibilities in his solitary dwelling where, he says, “one can't always dodge the evening hour when the short twilight falls.” In that far land, thinly peopled with whites, they are bound to meet; the husband guesses their secret and, in striving to be revenged, brings peril and torture upon himself and his wife and revives in both a St. Martin's summer of their young love. Through all the stirring adventures, all the emotional conflict, Audrey remains a straightforward, clean-hearted woman—a striking contrast to most of the heroines found in modern fiction. Her marriage bond really means something to her and, with her lover's help, she remains true to it. The book is exciting in the extreme, but possesses a psychological side, rare in work of a sensational nature. We are glad that in the end Aird and Audrey are rewarded for their staunchness.

THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH. By Alan Sullivan. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Surely an amused Irishman, a happy Irishman, is a paradox? The Irishman is, as a rule, a broken-hearted pagan whose gods have been smashed by an iconoclastic world. One was always taught that while the Welsh were thieves, the Scotch avaricious, the Germans greedy, and all Roman Catholics in the power of Satan (the English only being all they should) the Irish were the world's prime jesters. It was therefore something of a surprise to read the poetry of Mangan, and to meet men just like Mangan in real life. The happy Irishman is exceptional, his link with the Mangans is a kind of perversity which one finds in Mr. Alan Sullivan. He is at his drollest

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Miss Rubie C. Ashby.

when writing of the one dead man in the story. This gentleman's attitude towards his family as he views it from the realms of space is exquisitely amusing. Especially so is the scene where Mr. Rennet (the defunct) follows attentively and with approval the wedding of his wife with another man. His dry comments, as he flits out there in the cold, surveying his family from the point of pure reason, are very entertaining. It is an original idea to remove the head of the family at the beginning of the story and place him outside as a kind of chorus. But one cannot help disliking the family—except Julia. They are so selfish and callous. Even his wife, in an astonishingly short time, is complacently having her hand stroked by a prospective second husband. Could she, so soon? But then, she did not love poor Rennet, or she could never have married again. A very enjoyable book which should interest spiritualists.

THE MOORLAND MAN. By R. C. Ashby. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If you like novels of atmosphere, this powerful, rather grim story of the Yorkshire moors and mountains should make a peculiar appeal to you. The author is deeply stirred by the bleak beauty amid which she sets her story, and it is not surprising to find that story fraught with the elements of tragedy. The Moorland Man is Jem Corfe, a young farmer, intent on his calling and eager to acquire all possible knowledge, that he may some day marry Sophia Challis, friend and companion of his childhood. Had he told Sophia of his intention she would have waited, for she loved him passionately; but taciturn, and believing in her intuitive understanding, he went about his tasks, leaving her to think that he cared for the farm more dearly than for her. In a spirit of pique she marries somebody else, to find out too late that Jem has always believed they were bound to each other by some irrefutable law of destiny. And so they are. Sophia's efforts to make the best of her mistake end in disaster, and the author works up to an emotional climax—tragic perhaps but impressive in its delineation of noble self-sacrifice. This is a first novel of quite remarkable promise.

ME AND PETER. By Robert Watson. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

A curious and rather touching book of memories in the guise of a novel. We are introduced to a little lad born in a crowded poor home in Glasgow, and we follow him

through many simple, artless, entirely human adventures. The mother, the father, the school, the boys, the engine-driver man, the moves to different places, are all related with an unexaggerated simplicity. The whole time one reads one is aware that this is a bit of real life. Peter is the chosen friend. The account of the box of broken toys patronisingly bestowed on the young hero by the rich relations is vividly done—the joy of finding a magic lantern among the débris was extreme! When the lad grows older he obtains a post in a steamship company but promotion is heartbreakingly slow, and the book ends with his decision to go and make good abroad on the shores of the great Pacific, in search of the respectable living which seemed to be denied to him at home. Peter is left behind, and the parting is poignant. "Me . . . and Peter" is an interesting human document, and a careful study of boyhood.

BREAK O' DAY. By Con O'Leary. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

Mr. Sean O'Casey is not a good exemplar for the portrayal of Irish life. He is a dramatist of something approaching genius, but his Dublin types are so accentuated, and he lays so much stress on the unpleasing side of Irish character, that his countrymen are not so pleased with his work as English folk are. Mr. Con O'Leary, whose first novel, "Break o' Day," deals with the dark days following Easter Week, 1916, is by no means pleased at being compared with the most famous of recent Irish dramatists; but there is no gainsaying the fact that the novel is of the ultra-realist school, though it has not the vitriolic venom of Mr. Brinsley MacNamara's "The Valley of the Squinting Windows." The book however has merits all its own. There is extraordinary poetic power about its descriptive passages, dealing with the old city of Cork and of the county generally. Curley Alphonus Bogue, who early in life gets the contemptuous nickname of Cabogue, is a liar, a thief, a seducer and a murderer, but he is not quite the callous criminal of Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's "The Informer"; this is only perhaps because he has not the courage of that other ex-policeman whom O'Flaherty has so unflinchingly described. There are touches of humour too in "Break o' Day" which are absent from O'Flaherty's pages. The book is that of a man young and eager and yet cruelly disillusioned by the lack of a Utopia in Ireland's freedom. As dramatist and as essayist (with that remarkable book, "An Exile's Bundle") Mr. O'Leary has proved himself a writer of imagination and of a virile, distinctive style, and "Break o' Day" should establish his reputation as one of the ablest and most promising of the younger school of realistic novelists.

MY BRAVE AND GALLANT GENTLEMAN. By Robert Watson. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

A bright, amusing novel, written with an easy fluency of language. It opens with a quarrel between two brothers, sons of an Earl. The elder is about to be married to the fascinating Lady Rosemary Grantown; but the second son, George Brammerton, has discovered that his brother has behaved badly to a village girl. He charges him with this and they fight, George wounding the other. Ordered out of the house for ever by the furious old father, and not allowed the rights of an explanation, George takes to the road, presently setting sail for Canada. Once arrived, he gets a job. He is to open and run a store for several lumber camps. In a wild spot he meets a delightful young girl, Rita, whose sorrow it is that her grandfather, ten years before, in a fit of ill-temper, swore that he would never speak to his wife again. A really comic scene occurs when George and the local minister, shocked at the dourness of the old fellow, lock him into a chicken-house till he changes his mind. "Willum, Willum," cries the unhappy Scot, "could I hae my pipe and tobacco, and a puckle matches? They're on the kitchen mantelpiece." After three days he gives in; charmingly! A capital tale, prettily rounded off. Rosemary reappears.

OUT OF THESE THINGS. By James A. Morley. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If the author had none nothing more than create the character of Hal Marsham, he would have done enough to make this book well worth writing and well worth reading. But he has done a great deal more. He has created an atmosphere, the atmosphere of an old house with a human personality; he has created a group of characters of which all who count are real and lifelike; he has devised new and absorbing situations, employed a novel method of story-telling, and, most of all, entered into the heart of a girl who conceives a pure and dispassionate love for a man already married. That he is married unhappily and separated from his wife, fosters her tenderness; and this, really, is the story of their love, with drama and the strange influence of the house for background. The story might have gained if Judith's mother had been represented as a little more normal and likeable; that both her daughters should feel such an entire lack of affection for her, and that she should so little deserve to have them feel otherwise is a harsh note. But she is a minor character, after all. The main theme of the story and the method of telling marks the author as a new writer who is certainly to be reckoned with.

HIGH SILVER. By Anthony Richardson. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

"High Silver" is the name of the Devonshire estate where Colonel Stuart Rivington lives in retirement. A widower, he is tended by his daughter, Erica, while he acts as guardian to his grandson, Tristram Lauderdale. The Colonel's philosophy of life is summed up in the phrase: "Strike the other man before he has time to strike you." Tristram, on the other hand, who is sensitive and dreamy, takes as the guiding principle of his career the motto given him as a boy by the curate who eventually marries Erica: "Be kind, be generous." The conflict of temperament between grandfather and grandson is the connecting theme of a novel that has some powerful and dramatic moments, and sets forth the implicit moral that danger lies equally in the two extremes of cruelty and unthinking charity. The major and minor characters of the story are all thoroughly lifelike, and there is much pleasing description of country scenes; while special credit is due to Mr. Richardson for his brief, but vivid and convincing, picture of Tristram's schooldays.

THE GIRL IN BLACK. By Victor Bridges. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)

This is a bed-cheater of the deadliest kind—the kind which by keeping within the bounds of possibility, lures you from page to page without ever giving you the chance to say, "This couldn't have happened—and I'm going to bed!" Its only vulnerable point is the sudden infatuation of the villain's daughter for Brooke. But as the lady's love is repulsed, it does not sway the plot; and the liberation of the captive hero by accident, through the intrusion of a burglar, gives an ingenious twist to the story. For the rest, the proper accessories are all supplied: a father wrongly accused, a double cipher, a heroine struggling to support herself on a humble branch of the arts—by playing the piano at the movies, to wit—best of all, a hero who is not superhumanly wise, but is as apt to swallow the villain's tempting bait as you or I should be in his case. A normal hero makes all the difference to a book of this sort. Supermen are outmoded.

EMILY REED. By Harry Tighe. 7s. 6d. (Heath, Cranton.)

This story has two settings; the first a small country town, the second London. The settings themselves—their atmospheres, and the minor characters who people them—are very well done; but the relationship of Emily to each setting in turn carries less conviction. In the first case, one finds it very hard to believe that a girl of Emily's upbringing would have surrendered herself to a man whom she had only twice met. In the second (when Emily and her mother have migrated to Highgate) Emily is shown suffering from the excessive interest of her new neighbours in her affairs; but surely, the most essential difference

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between a country town and suburbia is the latter's total lack of any sort of communal life? In her first home the affairs of Emily would be discussed by everyone; in Highgate, she would probably have lived for a dozen years before her new neighbours were aware of her existence. Emily herself is much less clearly drawn than the secondary character, Agnes. Agnes is real, all through; the passages in which the author traces Agnes's decline—from an empty-headed "local beauty" to an even emptier old maid in a Brighton boarding-house—are comparatively few; but they are worth all the rest of the book put together.

THE DANGERFIELD TALISMAN. By J. J. Connington. 7s. 6d. net. (Benn.)

For all who enjoy a good detective story Mr. Connington has provided the treat. The Dangerfield Talisman was an armlet of gold set with diamonds; its worth was said to be fifty thousand pounds, yet it was simply kept lying beneath a glass bell, and a legend declared that no matter how or by whom it was stolen, it was always returned within a week. Then came the night of the thunderstorm, a storm which roused the entire house-party from their sleep, and in the morning the Talisman was missing. A mean man, an envious American, a girl in debt—these were three of the party who might have been tempted, and feeling in the little circle became tense when the discovery was made. It is a continuously exciting and interesting story which follows. The author handles the situation cleverly and naturally, and as a detective-story writer is one to be remembered and counted upon.

CHRYSLIS. By Muriel D. Blanckensee. 7s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

Last month there was reviewed in these pages the first novel of a member of the Bookman Literary Circle. "Chrysalis" is also the work of a new writer and one who has belonged to the Bookman Circle from its commencement. There is nothing in the style of writing nor in the technique of this clever study of a lonely girl in London to betray the hand of the novice. Miss Blanckensee has a sure touch, and her book is distinguished by its note of originality and its refreshing naturalness. Margery is allowed to tell her own story, and through her introspection, her philosophy, her sense of humour and her reflections on life, we become intimate with her wistful character, her vague longings, her dreams of romance. The atmosphere of the block of flats in which she lives is about us as we read; vividly portrayed is her friend, Yvonne, who lodges on the floor below—a lively, lovable, reckless French girl, laughing out of the pages, a volatile, radiant personality. The story is quiet, but so real in every detail that the thread of interest never for a moment lapses. The arrival of Margery's cousin Philip stimulates the girl's romantic dreams—though Philip is not for her—and it is true love, not idle romancing, that claims her heart at last. Yvonne also has her love story, a very different one from Margery's, and although we catch only glimpses of it through the dialogue of the two girls, we can see each episode as it happens, leading up to the dramatic climax. Not the least charming part of the book is Margery's outlook on life in its variety; hers are the thoughts of an intelligent girl who delves more deeply than most into the problems that fret the human spirit. This, as well as the character drawing, makes the novel one of uncommon merit, and sets it apart to be read and reread by all who share Margery's passion for life and beauty.

A DEPUTY WAS KING. By G. B. Stern. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Jews, good, bad and indifferent, and their reactions to the varied social environments to which they adapt themselves, make quite a large and a growing element of modern fiction. The novels of Miss Stern, or at any rate such of them as the reviewer has read, are among the cleverest and most valuable of the books made on such stuff.

Regarded purely as a new novel by G. B. Stern, "A Deputy Was King" is hardly up to the reasonably high expectations we might have of it; the author's cleverness seems gradually to be dominating her work: the vision, the essential originality, is much diluted by the superfluity of often vivid but always rather gossipy observations about what he thinks she thinks or what she thinks he thinks that she thinks; or the ethics (and æsthetics) of making money, and of spending it. There is a background of familiarity with the Cosmopolitan, and especially the parasitical tendencies of the cleverer Jews, which no reader with any knowledge of the subject could fail to appreciate. "A Deputy Was King" is not a novel to be lightly missed by any sort of novel reader, and if some disappointment cannot be kept out of at least one reader's remarks about the book, the fact must not be lost sight of that this novel is much more worth reading than the average new novel, whatever that may be! The jacket of "A Deputy Was King" is a noteworthy example of Miss Dorothy Burrough's art.

The Bookman's Table.

GALLIPOLI TO-DAY. By T. J. Pemberton. 10s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)

General Sir Ian Hamilton, who has written a splendid and heart-stirring introduction to it, describes this book as the result of "a happy inspiration." Out of every hundred people of Britain or the Dominions who manage to visit France or Flanders, only one, he says, is likely to be able to make the pilgrimage to Gallipoli. But all can read this book and absorb into their imaginations something of the loveliness of that land where so many of their sons lie sleeping. Bitter are the General's words against those faint hearts and feeble wills at home that seemed for a while to succeed in making vain the sacrifices of Anzac, Helles, and Suvla. "Only the dead men stuck it out to the last. God bless them for ever." The volume records the now completed five years' work of the Mission of Commemoration in Gallipoli. He describes the work as an act of faith. "Few indeed in this generation will ever see the beautiful but unobtrusive monuments erected in this sparsely populated country to the memory of 48,000 British soldiers and sailors. The sacred plots have not been planned for the curious gaze of man." They lie in silent untrodden valleys and on the hills where few pass by. In this unhurried narrative Mr. Pemberton has endeavoured, by word pictures of the peninsula, supplemented by forty-six photographs, to give substance to the thoughts of those who have only mental pictures of this part of the earth where dear ones last moved in the full pride of manhood. Firstly, he describes the country, and then step by step records the labour of the Registration Unit, who had a long and thankless task in



Mr. T. J. Pemberton.

searching every square yard of the battle areas for human remains and means of identification, and afterwards of the War Graves Commission, who took over in 1920 and constructed the cemeteries and monuments and carried on the task of the Registration Unit, never ceasing to look for isolated graves. The quarry from which the stone was taken is believed to have supplied that for the walls of Troy. The making and planting of the cemeteries is described in detail, likewise the numbers and regiments of those buried there. Twenty pages are devoted to Anzac and Suvla cemeteries and the final chapter is "On Chunuk Bair" which the New Zealanders took and held ten years ago at such cost and where they have raised the magnificent memorial that can be seen practically over the whole peninsula. Tender, proud, sympathetic and most beautiful has Mr. Pemberton made this story—in itself a monument to valour.

EPITAPHS. By Lady Margaret Sackville. 5s. (Leeds: Swan Press.)

Lady Margaret Sackville writing epitaphs is rather like a lark singing in a cypress tree, or a butterfly fluttering in a catacomb. Yet, Norman by descent, Grecian by temperament, it is not so unnatural she should find a *métier* in the epigrammatic, so congenial to the French and Greek genius. At times in the past she has been perhaps a little inclined to "sow with the sack" like Pindar; but in her epitaphs she is eclectic as Sappho, as economical as Simonides, as fastidious as Meleager. Papin declared that a man should be content to write one good epigram; but in her little cemetery on the slopes of Parnassus Lady Margaret has written many. In more than one sense her work is *lapidary* work; she carves a marble tombstone as if it were a precious stone. Almost every epitaph has imagination, beauty and wit, and is bitter-sweet ("γλυκύπικρος")—wine, honey and tears—as an epitaph should be. As an example we may quote:

"By angry breakers caught and overcome,
I sank, as sinks a vessel, in the foam;
And now incurious and calm I lie,
Watching the keels of other ships go by."

The best of the epitaphs are like Sappho's poems—"small but roses"—*white* roses bedewed with tears.

SCOTLAND YARD. By Joseph Gollomb. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

CRIMINAL PARIS. By Netley Lucas. 12s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Joseph Gollomb's "Scotland Yard" has the double merit of giving an admirably scientific account of the police systems of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and of illustrating these accounts by a description of a number of *causes célèbres* more fascinating than the most ingenious detective stories of the novelists. It is its genius for teamwork that makes Scotland Yard a household word. It is their brilliant individual initiative that renders French detectives and criminals so arresting. It is "regimentalised efficiency and genius for machinery that makes man-hunting so mechanical a pursuit in Germany." And it is their readiness to pick up the telephone and to bespeak the services of the university professor or scientist that has established the record held by the Vienna police for securing the criminal. This is the claim made by Mr. Gollomb for the four big detective services which he describes; and in the amazing stories he tells of crimes traced to their authors despite the absence of anything which the mere civilian would regard as a clue, he fully substantiates his claim. Mr. Gollomb seems to be an American judged by the language he employs, but in his acquaintance with London and Continental criminal investigation he shows himself a European more naturalised than the natives. His book is of its kind quite the most complete and competent work that we have come across for years. As much cannot be said for Mr. Netley Lucas's "Criminal Paris," which claims "to cover in comprehensive

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style the whole gamut of criminality in Paris to-day from the notorious Apaches of Belleville and Monilmontont to the beautiful woman crooks who throng the boulevards and fashionable resorts of the gay city." It gives us a rather commonplace and superficial narrative, such as might have appeared serially in one of the more popular magazines.

THE WORLD'S END, AND OTHER PLAYS. By Reginald Berkeley. 6s. (Williams & Norgate.)

Perhaps our more intelligent writers now prefer the drama to the novel, or perhaps one reads too many novels and so allows custom still further to stale their infinite monotony; but certainly one sets aside Mr. Berkeley's four plays with the impression that here is work at once refreshingly intelligent and, in the best sense, exciting.

These plays are intelligent because Mr. Berkeley is an intelligent writer; they are exciting because in addition to being a dramatist he is quite obviously a poet. "The World's End," with its Barrieish theme, is technically the least successful, and the Lob of the piece, the somewhat unintelligible Chinese, is not quite good enough for the rest of the play. "Eight O'Clock," with its dramatic situation—the last half-hour of a condemned murderer—is intensely dramatic throughout; and "Mango Island" is remarkable for the admirable study of Harman, the English trader. But the last of the four, "The Quest of Elizabeth," written for broadcasting, is the most memorable, for here the poet touches a stop of tender and delicate fantasy that moved the heart of at least one reader-listener. That work of this standard is issuing quietly from the press, speaks well for the condition of modern drama in this country.

Music.

A BUNCH OF MUSIC.*

BY VIVIAN HICKEY.

Of the three publications from Messrs. Augener, to take the violin piece first, "A Morning Song" is quite pleasing. The melody is well defined and reiterated, so that it is remembered by the listener; perhaps it is repeated too often. However to have a melody at all is something in these days; but more on this point later. The accompaniment is well chorded and enhances the general effect. Technically it is easy and the phrasing is good.

The "March for Piano," by Massi-Hardman, is bright and presents no particular difficulties. It is suitable for a fairly young player as a relief from more serious work, and as such should satisfy a need. "Six Bagatelles" performs what it professes, namely "to supply the pianoforte student in his early days with little pieces that will train his left hand to perform instead of merely to accompany." The numbers range from grave to gay, are not untuneful, and if played according to the composer's advice should be most useful. As he remarks, most early music simply trains the left hand to accompany; as a result, when a melody enters the domain of the left hand, it is apt to suffer. One cannot too strongly recommend teachers to supply their pupils in their early days with this work.

"What Shall I Play?" or "Songs and Dances for Many Occasions," is a very easy arrangement for the piano of thirteen tunes, such as "John Peel," "Sir Roger," "Oranges and Lemons," "I Saw Three Ships," etc., concluding with "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King." It is suitable for beginners in the earliest stages.

Putting away childish things, we come to Messrs. Curwen's publications, "The Wasps," "Toccata," and "Suite for Piano." The first is an arrangement for pianoforte duet of the Aristophanic Orchestral Suite, and of course loses by transcription; but the arrangement is good, and for those who like orchestral pieces transcribed it can be thoroughly recommended and gives scope to both players. It is outside the province of this article to criticise "The Wasps"; but it may be of use to those who do not know the suite to state that there are sixty pages of pianoforte music and the suite comprises five numbers—Overture, Entr'acte, March Past of the Kitchen Utensils, Entr'acte, Ballet and Final Tableau. The whole is pretty lively, with many rhythmic tunes reminding one of reels and the like, but there are some beautiful themes as well.

"Toccata," for piano solo, by Francesco Ticiatti, brings one upon much more doubtful ground. It is full of chromatic passages and abounds in difficult brilliancy. Who plays this will certainly convince the audience that it is difficult and that he is a fine player, but beyond that nothing. There will be no lingering regret for an encore.

It is not harmonious; presumably the composer does not intend it to be. However it supplies great scope for brilliant execution.

"Suite for Piano," by Arthur Bliss (thirty pages), contains four items—Overture, Polonaise, Elegy and Finale. One is reminded of the story of the king who was persuaded by his courtiers that his robes were not gorgeous enough, and induced by them to parade the street in great pomp and ceremony without any clothes at all, under the impression that his new vestments were most magnificent; and all the people who were massed along the route for the procession exclaimed on the splendour of the king's new raiment, until a little child called out that the king was naked. Whereupon all had much to do to conceal their laughter. One wonders what Mr. Bliss is up to. Is he merely pulling our legs, so to speak, or, as touching music, is he playing, or are *we* all mad? Is he a genius who has overstepped the line, or a pioneer born out of due season? Is this the real music of the future, and shall we in years to come delight our hearts with it and wonder how we ever listened to such melodic triflers as, say, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann? Or is it merely a pose, on a par with cubist and futurist paintings, freak stuff denoting a bankruptcy of idea, coupled with a certain cleverness of mechanism?

A lot is heard nowadays against jazz—for which one holds no brief—but jazz by comparison is soothing and sweet. Of course jazz (thank goodness) is ephemeral, but it is only meant to be an accompaniment to more or less rhythmic movement, a noise to dance to. At least it has some *raison d'être*. In Mr. Bliss's piano suite one can find none. It rejoices in its discordance, and the excruciating cacophony of its harmonisation, to use a contradiction in terms, produces the same effect as dragging one's nails across soap, or the scratching of a slate pencil, or whatever particularly sets your teeth on edge. This may be quite a wrong view to take. Ultra-modern music may be *ir* and not merely the currency of a clique. The escaping steam of an engine may be a sweeter sound than the song of a bird, and the blasts of motor-horns than a ballade of Chopin; but after long travail man has reached a certain spirituality which sometimes expresses itself in some degree in his music. Has the turning-point come, and is he now to be despiritualised until he shall rejoice in this unmusical noise? Well, let us hope not just yet.

* "A Morning Song." For violin and piano. By Adam Carse. 2s. March. For piano. By F. W. Massi-Hardman. 1s. 6d. Six Bagatelles for the Left Hand." By Francesco Berger. 2s. (Augener.)—"What Shall I Play?" For piano. By E. Edroff. 2s. (Enoch.)—"The Wasps." By R. Vaughan-Williams. Transcription for piano duet by Constant Lambert. 7s. 6d. "Toccata." For piano. By Francesco Ticiatti. 3s. 6d. Suite for piano. By Arthur Bliss. 5s. (Curwen.)

MUSIC-MAKING: OLD AND NEW.

Strange is the coincidence surely that brings to me for review at the same time volumes dealing with music-making by some of the oldest, and nearly the newest, of all ways. In "Music of the Past"¹ Mlle. Wanda Landowska is concerned with music and musical instruments and the taste in music, from Byrd and Bach right up to Chopin and Liszt, whilst in "Music and the Gramophone"² Mr. H. L. Wilson occupies his pages with the enjoyment of music in the newest of all ways, barring wireless.

The author of "Music of the Past" is of course the pianist who (speaking from memory) played here frequently in pre-war days. Her book has been translated from the French by W. A. Bradley. It is a remarkably comprehensive volume within the space of its one hundred and eighty pages, and it is permeated by a sarcasm and pungent wit that is essentially Gallic, and that provokes quiet enjoyment even in its English guise. By the same token however one gains the impression that the work of translation has been done with regard for literal accuracy rather than with an eye to colloquial smoothness, for there are passages that read badly. Everything else in the book delights me, even when I find myself at variance with the frank enthusiasms or unmovable obsessions that have the author in their grip and that inevitably hamper her critical estimates, because they are all part of the personality that emerges from her pages, swayed by pet notions, it is true, but unswerving in her devotion to the purest ideals of her art.

Mlle. Landowska has more than a sneaking regard for writers of music for the harpsichord, the clavichord (which, as she carefully points out, were different instruments), the virginals and the lute, as well as for many others scarcely heard of in these days; and for the modest orchestra that is now generally alluded to as the "Mozart" orchestra. One is in entire agreement with her in her protestations against the bad habit, the increasing tendency amongst contemporary composers to reorchestrate (or worse still, if possible, to transcribe for full, modern orchestra music originally written for a soft-sounding, old-fashioned solo instrument) such old music, and deck it out in harmonic garments of amazingly modern cut, under the plea of a gain in sonorities. But in supporting that view one does not necessarily agree that "the most delicate sounds, which strike our ear opportunely ("pleasantly" would have conveyed the meaning better in English), are but the thousandth part of those we listen to within; while the most violent sounds, without harmony, may merely scratch our ears without in the least thrilling our souls." Take for example Honegger's "Pacific 231," with its realistic thrill of the throbbing life of a great locomotive; or the first number of Holst's "The Planets," "Mars," a vivid tonal impression of warfare. Both are terrifically noisy, yet both thrill the imaginative listener to his innermost being, unless possibly he is suffering badly from emotional anæmia. But all considered it is a widely informative and interesting book that one must also praise for its nice format and the beauty of its illustrations.

Mr. Wilson's book is one that all gramophonists (query: is this a nicer epithet than "gramophile," which I had the misfortune to read the other day?) should buy and read, and keep handy for reference what time they listen to the tune-fuls discs as they rotate. It is truly what it purports to be—"a collection of historical, biographical and analytical notes and data of a generally interesting nature concerning musical works of importance completely recorded for the gramophone," and a little more because, although the author mainly relies upon quotations for his critical material, he can write very interestingly himself on occasion. It must—in fact already does—date; but one is consoled by the reflection that it will probably become a kind of gramophone year book.

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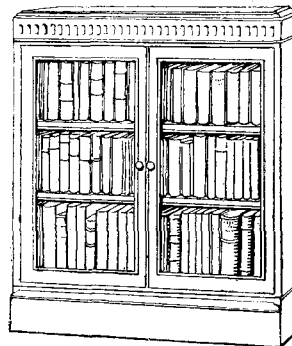
¹ "Music of the Past." By Wanda Landowska. Translated from the French by W. A. Bradley. 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

² "Music and the Gramophone," and some masterpiece recordings. Compiled by H. L. Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Gramophone Publications and Allen & Unwin.)

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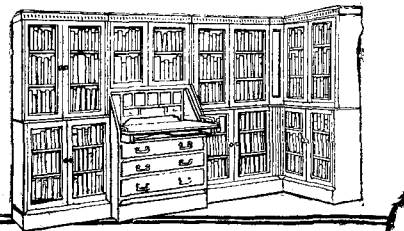
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The Drama.

"A. B. W."

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

WITH A. B. Walkley passes the only dramatic critic of our generation who made an art of dramatic criticism. Archer was a judge, a prophet and, finally, a dramatist; Shaw a dramatist in waiting all the time. Walkley, from "Spec's" first twinkle in the *Star* to "A. B. W.'s" last homage to Jane in *The Times*, was the artist as critic—never less, nor more.

In Walkley's criticism the very omissions were creative. The worse the play, the more brilliant was his device for dismissing it agreeably. He never shirked judgment, in which he was always clear and seldom, if ever, mistaken. But with him a right opinion was only a lever for art. However dull and commonplace the play, Walkley never allowed himself to be dull or commonplace in writing about it.

Like all true art, Walkley's had its background of reticences. Not many even of his everyday friends knew that he was an expert gardener, with apple trees as an especial hobby, that this master of classical allusion was primarily a mathematician, or that he was quite a good pianist. His deeper self would be revealed sometimes with surprising suddenness. On the first night, for instance, of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the old Lyceum, I happened to be sitting next him. He was very gay about the play. "Of course," he said, "the Coquelins are always a circus." It was different when I made a light-hearted reference to George Meredith, who was in a box. "Don't say that," said Walkley with an air of grave sincerity. "There are not many people I respect in this world; but he is one of them."

Just because he was so sensitive and accomplished—so naturally an intellectual aristocrat—one was apt to forget that Walkley was a self-made man. His career and his personality were both his own creation. He never let anyone guess the grinding toil which lay behind. A day of hard, responsible work at the Post Office, with still more exacting work at night, entailing all sorts of friction and excitement and nervous strain—the unruffled "Buddha" of the first-night stall had battled through this ordeal day in, day out, for forty

years. Before then he had known the struggle for a livelihood. When he transferred from Balliol to Corpus it was, he confessed, for bread-and-butter reasons. For the same he became a dramatic critic. But, thanks to sheer art, who would have thought it?

Though his constitutional shyness made him seem aloof, no one could be friendlier upon occasion. I shall not forget his kindness to a very raw youth from the country, who was thrown in upon him one first night as a colleague just thirty years ago. Walkley welcomed him like a brother, and during the entr'acte took him into the foyer and offered him refreshment. The youth accepted it as being usual, little knowing that this was a kind of thing Walkley, who seldom even stirred from his seat, never dreamt of doing under ordinary circumstances. I can vouch for the occurrence, as the youth was myself.

Though he was not a "man of the theatre" in the sense of being limited to the theatre—and although he always said he "preferred books"—Walkley loved the play and would not probably have been happy for long away from it. He was too human and had too sure

a *flair* for sparkle and for warm life to have contented himself only with the library. Between his Wednesday article and the rest of the week he was able to escape from one to the other, rejoicing to find what he called the "æsthetic fact" in both.

Happy in other things, Walkley is also happy in his successor, Mr. Charles Morgan, who, both as novelist and as critic, has the future well in hand.

SHAKESPEARE AND OTHERS.

By GRAHAM SUTTON.

I had seen *The Taming of the Shrew* some dozens of times. But I confess that till the other day I had never realised how ungenial, how cold-blooded and (bluntly) how caddish a piece of work the Petruchio-story is. My former vision of the play was confined to the Benson Company. My eye-opener was the revival by the Fellowship of Players a few weeks ago. Need I say I cast no disparagement upon the Fellowship when I maintain that the Benson rendering



Mr. A. B. Walkley.

From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

was the more pleasant to watch; nor upon Sir Frank, when I suggest that the Fellowship were closer to Shakespeare? Sir Frank's Petruchio was purely fantastic: a harum-scarum fellow: a mad-hatter, harmless, with no malice in him: a poet, even—this by some wizardry of the actor himself, for indeed there is little poetry in the play. In that uproarious scene where Catherine must go hungry one felt that Sir Frank's domestics, like his audience, were in the know; and on the harshness of his Petruchio, as on the melancholy of the would-be philosopher, "happiness would keep breaking in"; so that one saw the plot as a wild hoax—a horn-lantern of impudence, only semi-opaque, through which the romantic light of true love still gleamed.

Not so the other day. Sir Frank's quondam Catherine, the inimitable Dorothy Green, was opposed now to Robert Loraine as Petruchio, and her performance seemed to me as faultless as ever. And yet how utterly changed was the play! Mr. Loraine made clear his reading of Petruchio's rôle from the first, when he underlined the words:

"I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua"—

and henceforward gave us, hammer-and-tongs, a Petruchio who was first cousin to Bluntschli—the kinship, I think, would obtrude itself, even without the Everyman production of *Arms and the Man* to suggest it. . . . (By the way, what an amusing parallel there is between the outbidding of Sergius by Bluntschli, and the same situation between Gremio and Tranio! Only Shaw goes one better by giving a bathotic explanation of Bluntschli's wealth. Says Tranio:

"Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies . . . these will I assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next."

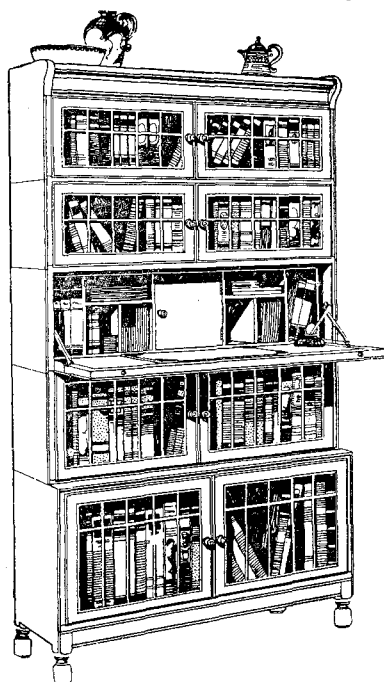
Tranio simply happens to be the wealthier man, and that's all about it. But pat on Bluntschli's first bid follows his outrageous: "I have 9,600 pairs of sheets and blankets . . . 10,000 knives and forks—" in short, an hotel king's stock-in-trade. The old situation has a new twist of irony.

But to return to Mr. Loraine's Petruchio. Where Sir Frank was fantastic, impish, he was bluff and direct. Sir Frank's wooer was conscious always of the grotesquerie of his situation, hardly ever of the fortune-hunting from which it arose; Mr. Loraine's, quite humourless, was a man with a practical job in hand, and concerned only with the most practical way of doing it. Bluntschli's case, precisely. . . .

But Mr. Loraine's two rôles have so entangled themselves in my mind that I can hardly distinguish their excellences. Let me applaud, impartially, the acting of certain other parts in these two plays. In the first, Wallace Evenett's Gremio and Tom Heslewood's Pedant trod close on the stars' heels. Were we a little nervous in the presence of Catherine and Petruchio? These lesser lights, by their congenial humanity, put us at ease. In the Shaw play (apart from Bluntschli himself) Joyce Kennedy, William Devereux and Frank Vosper shone. The others were competent, but obvious.

The Mayor of Casterbridge, at Barnes, had too short a run; for it is quite as good a play as *Tess*, if not better. Mr. John Drinkwater has adapted the book for the stage. His plan of seventeen scenes has one disadvantage; namely, it does not always give him time to make Mr. Hardy's events convincing. Consider the sudden friendship between Henchard and Farfrae, the intentions of Lucetta, Farfrae's quick-change love affairs. A playgoer coming fresh to these, though he may quite admit the novelist's power to make them credible, will hardly find them so on the stage. On the other hand he is given little time to wonder whether they convince him or not. Their interest rises steadily; and in such case, so eager is he to find out what follows that he will accept a story incident by incident even though he may not altogether believe it. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* succeeds in this way—more so than *Tess*, I fancy. How then to account for its withdrawal? Must we conclude that audiences brought up on too much Russian drama (with its appropriate half-tones and under-acting) were unwilling to accept the full-blooded style of Lyn Harding? Mr. Harding is one of the finest robust-character actors we have, and his Henchard was exactly

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right. But I believe that a small theatre, with the half-tones which it makes possible and even desirable in some types of play, is apt to blunt its patrons' gusto for the other sort of acting, however well done: which, of course, is the patrons' loss. Besides Mr. Harding, Dan Roe gave a very beautiful performance as Abel Whittle, and Basil Dyne distilled the quintessence of rusticity.

I have said hard things here, one time and another, about Sir Barry Jackson's productions. But *Rosmersholm** is magnificent. Seldom does one see a whole company get more completely into the skin of their parts. To admit that all but one are ideally cast in no way belittles their acting. Edith Evans "looks" Rebecca, no doubt; but she also acts Rebecca with every line of her body. And the essential vagabondage of Robert Farquharson's Brendon: the dry sanity of Muriel Aked's Martha: the demeanour of George Howe's Robinson in Rosmer's presence: the pedantic mannerisms and meaningless emphases of Rupert Harvey's schoolmaster—all these owe infinitely more to the actors' observation of types than to any happy accident of outward resemblance. To Charles Carson's Rosmer even higher praise is due. For he is wildly miscast; he looks much more like the gentleman who might sell Rosmer a car, or who will auction Rosmersholm after the double funeral, than like Rosmer the thwarted idealist; to make Rosmer as real as he does is a fine piece of acting. There is much virtue, too, in the new acting-version of R. Farquharson Sharp. We can never too gratefully acknowledge our debt to the Archer family for translating Ibsen; but some revision is overdue. Mr. Sharp begins well by Anglicising the names; for names have a subtle significance; "John Rosmer, Esq., ex-parson," and "James Crowley, head-master," mean something definite to us, where "Pastor Johannes Rosmer" and "Rector Kroll" did not; "Alfred Robinson" tells us more about the radical editor than "Peter Mortensgard." In the old version, moreover, everyone talked alike; we had no clue to their social status; now Martha, *née* Madame Helseth, talks plain Lancashire, and we know where she stands. And at all points the resolution of such phrases as "sense-intoxicated desire" into plain English "passion" gives the translation new life. This *Rosmersholm* is a "revival," in the full sense of the word.

All this without prejudice to the fact that the play is frankly incredible. Ibsen's work is full of folk with a morbid craze for, as it were, putting other people's morals to jump through hoops, for no apparent object but their own entertainment. (In *Rosmersholm* this trait, in its mild and comedic form, makes Crowley return again and again to argue with Rosmer; in its tragic form, it pokes and probes at Rebecca's nerves till she becomes hysterical enough to drown herself.) Ibsen thunders that such moral circus-masters are dangerous. We can quite believe that. What we can't quite believe is that they exist—at any rate in such quantities as the plays imply. Or, assuming their existence, can we believe that Rebecca ever would have been allowed to remain at Rosmersholm for as long as she did? Or again (without for a moment disputing the possibility of the higher love) can we believe that if Rosmer had been liable to fall in love with Rebecca at all, he would not have "introspected" that tendency long before his wife drowned herself? . . . Maybe I have too much Philistine in me to make a good Ibsenite. In print I find this play full of incredibility. The queer thing is that, on the stage, it is so convincing.

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